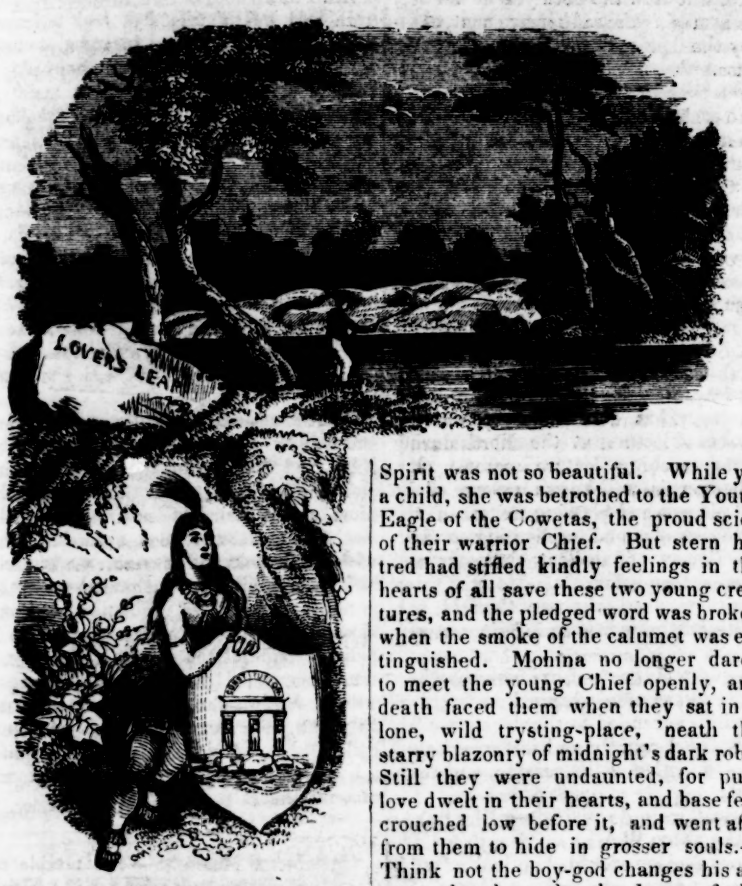
VOL. IV. No. 33. } GREENSBORO, N.C., for the Week Ending AUGUST 20, 1859. { Whole No. 186



LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP.

[This romantic locale is a high and ragged cliff, which terminates an ascending knoll of dark rocks, and projects boldly into the Chattahoochee River.—Its summit commands one of the most magnificent displays of river scenery which Nature could present, or which Art could picture. On the left the river pursues its downward course to Columbus, in a straight line. Its flow is rapid and wild, broken by rocks, over which the water foams in angry surges. The bed of the stream is that of a deep ravine, its walls lofty and irregular clifts, covered to their verge with majestic forest growth. From this point the city of Columbus is but partially visible. At the "Leap," the river makes a sudden turn, and forms an angle with its course below, flowing in a narrow channel so regularly lined with rocks on both sides, and of such uniform width, as to resemble a canal. A short distance above it makes another right angle, and resumes its old course.]

In the early part of the present century, this region was inhabited by two powerful tribes of Indians. Rivals were they, and, with numbers equal, and alike proud names, well they vied with each other. There was no tribe, among all the powerful nation of the Creeks, who boasted of their prowess before a Cusseta or a Coweta. Yet they were not friends; for who of those proud red men would bend before the acknowledged superiority of the other? It may have been a small matter from which their jealousy sprung, but the tiny thing had been cherished, till a serpent-like hatred hissed at the sound of the other's name.

The proud Chief of the Cussetas was now become an old man, and much was he venerated by all who rallied at his battle-cry. The boldest heart in all his tribe quailed before his angry eye, and the proudest did him reverence. The old man had outlived his own sons.—One by one had the Great Spirit called them from their hunting-grounds, and in the flush of their manhood they had gone to the spirit-land. Yet he was not alone. The youngest of his children, the dark-eyed Mohina, was still sheltered in his bosom, and all his love for the beautiful in life was bestowed upon her:—ah, and rightly too, for the young maiden rivalled in grace the bounding fawn, and the young warriors said of her that the smile of the Great Spirit was not so beautiful. While yet a child, she was betrothed to the Young Eagle of the Cowetas, the proud scion of their warrior Chief. But stern hatred had stifled kindly feelings in the hearts of all save these two young creatures, and the pledged word was broken when the smoke of the calumet was extinguished. Mohina no longer dared to meet the young Chief openly, and death faced them when they sat in a lone, wild trysting-place, 'neath the starry blazonry of midnight's dark robe. Still they were undaunted, for pure love dwelt in their hearts, and base fear crouched low before it, and went afar from them to hide in grosser souls.—Think not the boy-god changes his arrows when he seeks the heart of the red man. Nay, rather with truer aim and finer point does the winged thing speed from his bow, and deeply the subtle poison sinks in the young heart, while the dark cheek glows with love's proper hue. The deer bounded gladly by when the lovers met, and felt he was free, while the bright eyed maiden leaned upon the bosom of the Young Eagle. Their youthful hearts hoped in the future, though all in vain, for time served but to render more fierce that hostile rivalry, more rank than deadly hatred, which existed between the tribes.—Skirmishes were frequent amid their hunters, and open hostilities seemed inevitable.

And now it was told by some who had peered through the tangled underwood and matted foliage of those dim woods, that the Coweta had pressed the maiden to his heart in those lone places and that strange words and passionate were even now breathed by him to her ear. Then the hunters of the Cussetas sprang from their couches, and made earnest haste to the dark glen. With savage yell and impetuous rush they bounded before the lovers. They fled, and love and terror added wings to their flight. For awhile they distanced their pursuers. But the strength of Mohina failed her in a perilous moment and had not the Young Eagle snatched her to his fast-beating heart, the raging enemy had made sure their fate. He rushed onward up the narrow defile before him. It led, he forgot whither.—In a few moments he stood on the verge of this fearful height. Wildly the maiden clung to him, and even then, in that strange moment of life, his heart throbbed proudly beneath his burden. The future alone was before him; there was no return. Already the breath of one of the pursuers, a hated rival, came quick upon his cheek, and the bright-gleaming tomahawk shone before him. One moment he gazed on him, and triumph flashed in the eye of the young Chief, and then without a shudder he sprang into the seething waters below. Still the young maiden clung to him, nor yet did the death-struggle part them. The mad waves dashed fearfully over them, and their loud wail was a fitting requiem to their departing spirits. The horror-stricken warriors gazed wildly into the foaming torrent, then dashed with reckless haste down the declivity, to bear the sad tidings to the old Chief. He heard their tale in silence. But sorrow was on his spirit, and it was broken. Henceforth his seat was unfilled by the council-fire, and its red light gleamed fitfully upon his grave.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SPEAK NOT UNKINDLY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Speak not unkindly unto those
Who stray from virtue's path,
Nor pour upon their sinful heads
The vials of thy wrath;
For unkind words but chill the soul,
Breed misery and death,
And oft destroy what good remains,
By their pernicious breath.

Why turn to dark and fearful hate
A warm and loving breast;
When kindly tones like healing balm
Would give unto it rest?
Why give reproof instead of praise,
A frown, and not a smile;
Why seek to plunge still more in vice
Misfortune's sinful child?

Upon this earth are erring souls
Whose will is to do good;
If kindness, only with its train
By them in mercy stood;
But when unto their broken hearts
Unkindness adds its gall;
Then spring to bloom those seeds of crime,
Which are within us all.

Then kindly speak, and kindly act
To those who go astray;
Let kindly tones be lamps of light
To lead to virtue's way;
And every soul which thou hast saved,
Shall be a jewel rare
To grace thy brow in Paradise
With endless glories there.

Baltimore, Md.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"CRACKED" MUSIC.

BY QUINTIBILAS QUIRK.

I admire music. Heaven born music; the song of birds; the rippling of brooks as they glide over their beds of pebbles; the sigh of the breeze as it winds through the foliage; the crash of the storm as it rolls through forest and over lea; the angry wind shrieking and moaning as it follows the sun toward the South, and the wild roar of the breakers as they dash upon the coast and roll back in their caverns of the sea.

To imitate these is the province of man; the obligations of genius; the soul reaching out to grasp the attributes of its Creator, rendering it co-equal in harmonious power. A laudable ambition, certainly; but one which must be governed by taste and reverence; and whose basis must be the ideal, stretching far beyond the soul inspiring beauty, and the sublime grandeur of unwritten music, or it falls immeasurably below the great original, and becomes flat, stale, insipid, nauseating or irritable. That is the idea which I entertain of music.

Music, too, is eminently sacred in its character; not a dash of materialism in it. It is *music* I mean, not the clatter of tin pans, the agonizing shrieks of a ten penny fiddle, or the "Battle of Prague" hammered out by Miss Trumpet who was "finished" at Mad'e Squeak's $250-per-the-term-soap-and-towels-extra. No, sir! It comes from the soul, speaking its language in soft measured cadence—whispering like the voice of love, or inspiriting by its grace and harmonious appeals to creep over the lyre of the human heart, and not a chord but gives back an answering response.

The time has been when I loved these imitations—when I respected, nay, loved everybody who had a dash of music in their souls. I say *has* been. Alas, that I should write it!

I acknowledge that I am a sensitive man; with nerves perhaps too finely strung to bear discord without setting my teeth on edge; but there are things I wot of which would cause an angel to screw its mouth out of shape with a persimmon pucker. If you think this impossible, you should be sandwiched as I am between a brass band, and a broken winded melodeon, one end of the slice walled up by a seven octave piano, warranted to *stand* in any climate, the other flanked by a couple of amateur fiddlers who scrape, scrape, scrape with a determination that is relentless. If these people would only have separate occasions for what they call "practice," my sorrows would not be so exceedingly great; but no sooner does one commence than the whole pack let loose their fury, the "band" leading with what, in the fertility of their imagination, they call a "quick step," such a one I suppose as old death plays on his pipes when driving his horde toward the Styx; then comes that melodeon with a puncture in its "wind," wheezing like a patient in a hopeless asthma, coughing out "Auld Lang Syne" with spasmodic jerks; battle-te-bang tiddle-le-tum goes the "seven octave" into "Oh Willie-we-have missed-yer!" and a voice accompaniment which sounds as though sung by a split quill with a cold in its head; then the fiddlers! dash in with "The Carnival at Venice;" the amateurs scraping away with terrific velocity to keep up with the others, as if fearing that "somebody" would catch the hindmost.

Can you blame me for anathematizing these barbarians? I "kalkerlate" not! I "rekon" not!

And yet they call this music!

Spare not the lightnings of thy wrath, oh! Orpheus, let neither rocks nor mountains fall to hide them from thy vengeance; and your petitioner will ever pray.

FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK.

The finest marine locality in the vicinity of New York is eight miles south of it, and known as Fort Hamilton taking its name from the United States' fortifications, a view of which we give on this page of THE TIMES.

Opposite this strong hold is another known as Fort Lafayette, built in the water. These, with Fort Tompkins and Fort Diamond, on Staten Island, command the Narrows and harbor of New York. Fort Hamilton is built in the most substantial manner of granite, and on the most scientific and improved principles of military tactics. It is about eight feet thick and square, and will hold five thousand men, and is said to be impregnable. It is surrounded by a ditch, except in front. It mounts eighteen heavy guns on the upper, and fourteen on the lower tier, besides a number of field-pieces and two or three furnaces for heating shot red hot. It is considered one of the finest forts in the country; and the heaviest cannon balls would have but little effect, backed as it is by clay.

Fort Lafayette, situated just opposite Fort Hamilton and several rods from the shore, mounts near one hundred guns, and from its form was called Fort Diamond till Lafayette came here and landed and partook of a splendid banquet, after which it took the name of Fort Lafayette, and the new fort on the opposite side took the name thus dropped. The scenery in the vicinity is magnificent, and the place has become a fashionable resort—chiefly for the convenience of sea-bathing. Strangers visiting New York should not fail to see Fort Hamilton.

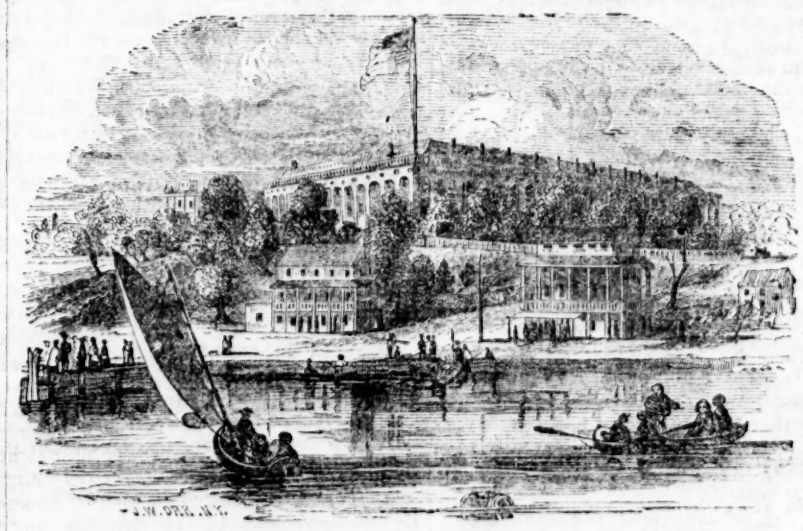
IMPORTANT LEGAL QUESTION:—It is stated that during the late term of the United States Circuit Court, in Alabama, held by Associate Justice Campbell, several indictments were found under the law of 1818, which prescribes fines and imprisonments for engaging in, or aiding and abetting the importation of Africans within the jurisdiction of the United States. As the law of 1820 (which makes the offenses piracy, to be visited with death) does not, in express language, repeal the former statute, a grave question has arisen, involving the point whether there can be a choice of the above mentioned punishments; for while public sentiment at the South is against the greater, juries have, it is said, expressed a disposition to render verdicts carrying with them the less severe punishment. The opinion is entertained, among distinguished gentlemen, that in view of the facts, notwithstanding the established rules of interpreting statutes, the question will probably be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States for its decision.

THE CENTRAL ROUTE.—The route via the Charlotte, the Central and North Carolina and the Raleigh and Gaston Railroads is daily becoming more popular with travellers. The cars on these roads are daily crowded with travellers from the South to the Virginia Springs, and it will not be long before this route will be preferred by all classes of travellers. The editor of the Hartwell, Ga., *Messenger*, writing to his paper from Rockbridge Alum Spring, says of this route:

"We would advise all travellers coming North, to the Springs or cities, to take the central route through North Carolina, by Charlotte and Raleigh.—The cost is the same, while you have the advantage of smooth, swift conveyance, fine cars, beautiful scenery, No. 1 eating houses, and a healthy atmosphere.—*Columbia (S. C.) Guardian.*

The *Guardian* and *Messenger* are correct, for almost every day the trains of the South are well filled with passengers going northward to the Virginia Springs and other Watering places.—The Charlotte road is doing an excellent business, and the great advantages it affords is becoming more extensively known every day.—*Charlotte Bulletin.*

FROM OREGON.—From information received at St. Louis, August 6th, the indications are that Mr. Stuart, Democrat, is elected to Congress.



FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

From the Altar to the Tomb.

BY "WANDERER."

"Come to 'Oakville' immediately. Important news await your coming."

Such was the telegram received by Able Heston, from Mr. Nelson, the father of his affianced bride, as he sat in his office preparing himself to argue an important case in court on the morrow.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself after he had hurriedly glanced over the dispatch.

"I am strangely situated and am at a loss what to do. What shall I do? shall I go to 'Oakville' or shall I remain and attend to the suit I have in hand and in which is involved an immense amount of money?" Such were the mental remarks and questions agitating the mind of Able as he paced the floor of his office.

Love said *go*. Gain said *stay*.

It was but for a moment that lucre obscured the path of duty. Love pierced the gossamer gilded veil of gold and shed its amber beams o'er the way of right.

'Able' immediately commenced his preparations for a ride of fifty miles over the rail.

All matters arranged, he jumped aboard the cars just as they were leaving the station and in two hours he was at 'Oakville.'

* * * * * *

Step gently! Close the blinds softly! Fond hearts are breaking and the angels are coming.

A few moments and another spirit shall join the happy denizens of the sky. Cherubic harps are sweetly sounding and glorious forms are patiently waiting for the returning, home-sick wanderer.

"Mother dear will you and these dear friends please leave Able and me alone for a few moments," asked the meek sufferer.

"Yes my child, but Eva you will let us know if you feel a change, won't you? inquired Mrs. Nelson; and receiving an affirmative response she kissed her daughter fervently and with the friends withdrew from the room.

"Don't weep Able for your 'Eva' is only going home. Be calm dearest, for I have much to say and but a few moments to say it in. Please be calm." Thus spoke to Able Heston, his betrothed bride. Calmly and sweetly she entreated him not to weep and like a brave soldier he restrained his tears though his heart was breaking.

"Able we have loved each other long and well. Our lives have been like a wide spread landscape, here a meadow green, there a rivulet and yonder a verdant hillside, but clouds have often gathered over our skies and storms have descended, yet God hath preserved us until now. One month from to day we were to be married, but an all wise Providence has ordered differently. I shall not be with you on that day for I am nearing home, yes, nearing home." The speaker ceased.

"O! Eva my heart is breaking. I cannot believe that you are so soon to leave me, still something tells me that you have spoken truly." You have been an angel here and you shall be amongst the dazzling throng on high ere long." He stopped speaking for a moment, then rising from his knees he kissed Eva and while a smile of holy resignation flitted across his features he said in words of fondest affection and firm resolve:

"Soon I shall be alone in the world for you will not be here. I cannot love another as I have loved you, therefore I have a request to make, and but one."

"Speak and tell me what it is love," said Eva, "and if it will make you happier it shall be granted."

"Eva your paster is among your friends in another room. I desire that he should be summoned to unite us in marriage," calmly replied Able.

The dying bride thought a moment and then said—"Let it be as you desire for I know that if I refuse you will never marry another and I wish to lessen the pangs of separation as much as possible."

The act was performed. 'Eva Nelson' was the bride and wife of Able Heston.

An hour passed by and all was still! The silence remained undisturbed save by the low sob of bereavement until the first blast had swept by.

Eva died in her husband's arms.—She fell asleep without a sigh, a soft *farewell*! and she had departed.

The friends withdrew from the room one by one until Able was left alone with his dead.

A few moments elapsed when Mr. Nelson entered the room of death and taking Able by the arm he gently requested him to leave the room with him. He received no answer. He repeated the suggestion but no voice replied.

The spirit of Able had gone to join that of his wife in the better land.—*Able Heston was dead!* Too close application to study and the last "important news" he ever received on earth were too much for him. He passed away to appear at the bar of Heaven at the last day.

Kind friends followed the remains of the departed *from the altar to the tomb*.

Hands of love strew sweet flowers over their grave and affectionate hearts respect their virtues.

They lived devoted not only to themselves but to their God and though it was loss to their friends, when they departed, to them it was triumphant gain.

Not an angry look—not an unkind word and not a misunderstanding of a serious nature had passed or existed between them during an acquaintanceship of seven years. Kind reader this is *true* and to all who desire to live together happily as husband and wife we say, follow the example of those whose history we have thus briefly sketched, so far as love and duty are concerned, and your lives will be hallowed and peaceful to their close. *Newark, N. J.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC--MISCELLANEOUS.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D.

NUMBER IV.

Richardson's New Method for the Piano.

Thank Heaven! "The Morning light is breaking," in music as well as in religion, and soon, it is hoped, every home in the land, of peasant, artisan, and professionist, will ring with glad voices and fine-toned instruments, all aiding in the work of perfecting the physical and moral beauty of the rising race. This sweet reflection is induced by the presence of the splendid work named at the head of this article. Nathan Richardson the author, a pupil of the far-famed Hungarian pianist, Alexander Druyschock, has given this book to the world as the result of wise, patient, and most enlightened study of music and of piano instrumentation, continued for years under the finest advantages for doing the whole thing thoroughly; and I challenge investigation, of the most thorough and critical character, by teachers and amateurs, for confirmation of my assertion that he has brought out a masterly production, and just such a one as might have been expected from such a man. Pictures are given to show the right styles of fingering and of setting at the piano, while the musical diagrams, from the simplest to the most complicated and difficult, will give the fullest scope for the exercise of musical ability. Then the principles of chords and of Thorough bass receive such treatment as only a most accomplished and scientific musician could have given them; and the exposition of these things is just what every student and every teacher of the Piano needs I appeal to all teachers of music to give this work a full examination, for every enlightened one among them feels more or less the want of a work like the one before us, simple, progressive, profund, complete in all its details. And I can assure every student of the Piano that, if he will thoroughly study and completely master Richardson's *New Method for the Piano*, he will be a well-informed, scientific performer, and not a mere superficial *thumper* on the poor miserable, jumping, screeching, persecuted keys of the instrument, as so many *accomplished* young ladies are who, with college diploma in hand, cannot talk intelligently for half an hour with one who has ventured to look just a little below the surface in things pertaining to music. If this last remark seems a pretty severe animadversion on the musical knowledge of our Southern people it is only to be regretted that most grievous occasions are found for it all over the land; and my earnest wish is, not wickedly to wound any body but to stimulate our people to a higher ambition in regard to this the most noble and useful of æsthetical studies, and thereby to help forward that higher civilization which every philanthropic heart longs for, and which is coming with sure and steady step along with the millennium.

Send $3 in postage stamps to Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass. and you will get the work at your P. O. in due season, postage paid.

WHAT BURNING FLUID HAS DONE.—Mr. E. Meriam, of Brooklyn, states that he has kept a record of deaths, injuries, and conflagrations resulting from the use of camphene and other burning fluids used for the purpose of illamination, since July 22, 1850. Since that date he has recorded the deaths of three hundred and seventy persons, and the injuries of four hundred and seventy-seven persons, many of the latter of whom the accounts stated were not expected to survive the injuries they had received. The losses by fire from the fluid he estimated at upwards of one million of dollars.

THE SUPREME COURT.—By a law passed at the last session of the Legislature, the term of the Supreme Court at Raleigh which heretofore began on the 30th day of December, is hereafter to begin on the second Monday of December.

UNPARALLELED PASSAGE OVER THE LOUISVILLE FALLS.—A convict of the Jeffersonville (Indiana) penitentiary performed a feat of no ordinary magnitude yesterday. He was working with others near the Lowell Mills, and tired of convict life, he made a bold dash for liberty. He ran for the river, and plunging in made his way over the breakers of the Fall, and reaching the deep water swam to the Kentucky shore, landing at the foot of Sixth-street. One of the guard followed in pursuit in a skiff, and another crossed on horseback. Hundreds of persons witnessed the exciting spectacle, and although the gallant exploit of the rascal demanded their admiration, justice required his person. So they apprehended him when he came out of the water, and detained him and handed him over to his pursuers. They put him on the horse, tying his legs for security, and thus in ignominy conveyed him back to the penitentiary; and the severe penalty which, according to the rules of that institution, was his due. The fellow's bold strike for freedom almost entitled him to win the guerdon of success.—*Louisville Courier, 29th ult.*

A TRAIN ATTACKED BY A BULL.—An accident of a very singular and serious nature occurred on the Allegheny Valley Railroad on Wednesday evening. It appears that, as the Express train was passing a point near White Rock Station, about nine miles this side of Kittanning, it was charged upon by a bull belonging to a gentleman named Klingensmith, residing in the neighborhood, and said to be an animal of unusual strength and ferocity. In the collision which followed, his bovine majesty was crushed almost to a jelly, and his defunct remains carried some distance along the track. The affair, however, did not stop here. The carcass proved an impassable obstruction to the train, and the locomotive, tender, and four freight cars were thrown off the track. The latter went over an embankment some thirty feet in height, and were reduced almost to a complete wreck. The passenger car, the last in the train, remained on the track, else the consequence would have been far more serious. The locomotive was a good deal used up, and the track damaged for some forty feet, but beyond this, nothing serious resulted from the strange occurrence.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.—The following story from a letter from Johnson, Trumbull county, Ohio, to the New York *Tribune*, is rather too hard to swallow: On the 2d of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradley gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. B 's family is increasing fast. He was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed 273 pounds on the day of their marriage. She has given birth to two pair of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. It seems strange, but nevertheless is true. Mrs. B. is a twin of three, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of twins.

A YOUNG CONGRESSMAN.—The Louisville Journal states that John Young Brown, Esq., member of Congress elect from the fifth district of Kentucky, will not be qualified by age to take his seat at the first session of the presnet Congress. The Constitution prescribes that no person can be a member of the House of Representatives who is under twenty-five years of age. Mr. Brown was elected over a Democratic competitor, Mr. Jewett. The Journal, which does not like a "locofoco" any way, says of Mr. B. that "he is a youth of remarkably fine qualities of heart and intellect, and he will undoubtedly have a brilliant career, unless his bad politics shall be a stumbling block to him."

"BAD EGG."—A young gentleman, a clerk in a mercantile house in New Orleans—decidedly *fast*—has lately been figuring at Niagara Falls, as "junior member of the house," upon which he made drafts and had them cashed to a considerable amount. Just in the nick of time, the "Senior member of the house" arrived, was of course astonished, and soon had the dashing blade arrested. Before his exposure he had captivated half a dozen ladies.

We are pleased, says the Wil. Journal, to learn that B. F. Grady, jr., of Duplin county, N. C., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in Austin College, Hendersonville, Texas. Mr. Grady is a graduate of the University of this State, where he was highly distinguished for his proficiency, especially in Mathematics, as well as for his gentlemanly deportment. We think the College has made a most excellent selection.

CROPS IN BEAUFORT, PITT AND HYDE, N. C.—We learn, says the Washington *Dispatch*, from a gentleman who has recently travelled over a good portion of the Country, that the prospects for the corn crop, were never better. In Pitt and Hyde, they are equally encouraging. The cotton crop in Pitt and Beaufort, is a superior one and promises a larger return than usual.

SELLING LIQUOR TO FREE NEGROES.—The bill passedby the last Legislature of North Carolina, to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors to free persons of color, provides that no person shall sell, deliver to, buy of, or be instrumental, directly or indirectly, in procuring for any free negro, for cash, in exchange for other articles, or as a gift, any spirituous liquors, except upon the written certificate of a physician or magistrate, that it is needed for medicinal purposes. The penalty for violating this law, is a fine of not less than $10, nor more than $50.

A MARRYING MAN.—An old negro by the name of David, who stays at the Oxford (N. C.) Poor House, and who was carried from South Boston, to little York, during the Revolutionary war, and was there enlisted as a soldier, and was afterwards wounded in the leg while in an engagement, lost his wife on the 12th ult. She died in the 95th year of her age. He is 103 years old. Six days after the burial of David's wife, he was again united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to an old negro, who is in the 95th year of her age, thus assuaging the sad bereavement, caused by the demise of his former venerable spouse.

CHOATE'S WORKS.—The Boston *Courier* says it is able to state upon the very best authority, that the enterprise of editing Mr. Choate's works has been undertaken by his own family, for the benefit of the estate; and that a complete collection of his various literary productions will be published at as early a date as possible, in connection with a biography.

A SOUTHERNER GOING NORTH TO LECTURE.—We learn that John R. Thompson, Esq., editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, has determined upon giving a course of lectures at the North during the approaching lecture season. Mr. Thompson is well known as one of the most elegant and pleasing writers of the South, is a fine and captivating speaker, a gentleman of excellent character and varied accomplishments. He will bring fresh themes and vigorous thought, to a profession that needs an infusion of new life.

A KIND HEART.—Lord Nelson, when forced to see men whipped on board of the ship, ascended to the deck precipitately, read rapidly and in an agitated voice the rules of the service, and then cried:

"Boatswain do your duty?" "Admiral pardon!"

Lord Nelson would then look around at his officers; all keeping silence, he would say:

"What! not one of you, gentlemen, not one has pity upon that man or upon my suffering? Untie the man; my brave fellows, on the day of battle, remember me?"

It was very rarely that the sailor thus rescued by his admiral did not distinguish himself at a later period. One day a man was going to be whipped. He was a marine. A beautiful young girl sprang through the crowd of soldiers; she fell on her knees before Nelson and seized his hand.

"Pardon, your honor," said she, "pardon, he will never be guilty again!"

"Your face," said the admiral, "answers for his future good conduct. Untie the man; he who has such a beautiful creature as this for a friend, cannot be a bad man." This marine afterwards became a Lieutenant.

HEAVY SWINDLE OF A COUNTRYMAN.—A planter from North Carolina, named Kivett, purchased in New York, last week, a sewing machine and other articles. He came to this city on Friday and took up quarters at the Franklin House. While here some sharpers, of affable manners and insinuating address volunteered to escort him through the city. On Saturday they met him by appointment, to conduct him to Fairmont. Then the old story was enacted. They produced a ball and safe, exhibited it to the astonished eyes of their unread victim, and so managed to obtain from him $580 in money, upon the security of a "draft" for $750 on a banking firm in Chicago. The stranger was permitted to win the difference. His chagrin can be imagined, when on returning to his hotel, he found the draft to be mere waste. The police are now on the scent of the sharpers but with little probability of success. It is believed that the sharpers followed their victim from New York, certain of an opportunity sooner or later, to deplete his finances.—*Phil. North American.*

THE NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH:—English papers say that the Atlantic Telegraph Company have decided to make the next cable of six copper wires, twisted about six times the size of the old one. There is to be no outside covering of the iron wire, except a few hundred miles at the ends. It is to be made, laid down, and guarantied in all respects. It is expected that it will be in order for business early next summer.

San Antonia, Texas.

Bishop Pierce, in his letters "across the continent," makes the following note:

San Antonia is unique in location, form, style of buildings, population, and in fact, in every thing. An old Mexican town, it still bears the impress of what is peculiar in the tastes and habits of that singular people. The river which runs through it, is doubtless responsible for the general arrangement of the streets, and while it has given rise to many crooks and turns, ought to be forgiven on the ground that it is the most accommodating river in the world. It runs by every man's door, makes music in his ear, spreads beauty before his eye, invites him daily to the choicest bathing, meets him at every turn in his perambulations through the city, is always welcome—a joy and a blessing. It is a public convenience and a private refreshment, a city ornament and a public comfort. The boys angle in its bosom, and the girls gather flowers from its banks—the women admire and the men boast of it, and the very beasts of the field seem glad of its presence.

We tarried here but a day, and much of my time was taken up in securing an outfit for the wilderness—its wants and perils. Many objects of interest in the town and neighborhood I had to leave without having seen. I intended to enter the old Cathedral, but did not; partly, because my time was short, but mainly, because the ridiculous exterior revolted my taste and my conscience. It is more like a heathen pagoda than a Christian temple, with its towers striped with green and yellow and blue—the most fantastic combination of color, laid on with clumsy, unartistic hands. The charm of antiquity was lost in the miserable Mexican mimicry of modern improvement. The old tabernacle would be venerable and attractive if they had left it stained with the dust of centuries, and hoary with time and service.

The Alamo, near San Antonia, is historic, and I stood with some emotion amid its ruins, and thought of the brave Fannin and heroic Crocket, and their fellow soldiers, and of their last desperate, unequal, fatal fight. It was once a fortification, with its barracks and magazines—a Church and a few habitations within the walls. It is now a comparative desolation; the enclosure gone, the Church a warehouse I believe, and all that gave it name and fame superseded by that spirit of progress which sacrifices the romantic to the useful; and, if a convenience or economy called for it, would not hesitate to build a horse-stable or cow stall over the tomb of a prophet.

CHEROKEE MARBLE.—The marble of Cherokee is attracting attention in various sections, and justly so. The white marble quarries of Valley River produce a superior article wherever the excavations have been made below the line of atmospheric influences. It is fine grained and susceptible of a very fine polish and is of snowy whiteness. This variety is found along the range in great quantity. It extends across the entire county of Cherokee and into Georgia. There is also found accompanying the white stratum a band of beautiful clouded marble. The ground is rather a sky blue with the most delicate shades, resembling columns of smoke or cloud; and is in our judgement a most beautiful article for ornamental work.—There is also on the north eastern part of the marble belt a flesh colored marble of a very fine texture. This quarry is located within some eight or ten miles of the line of the Blue Ridge Rail Road, and, judging from specimens we have seen dressed and scoured we think it susceptible of a fine and elegant polish.

We have no doubt but that these marbles will make a large item of freight should the Blue Ridge Road be pushed forward to completion. We intend to procure some specimens and have them on exhibition at a proper time to the friends of the Blue Ridge route. Let South Carolinians not think that the link of road passing through North Carolina is to pass through a country which will not yield frieight. Some of the proprietors of these quarries are already erecting machinery for dressing and polishing these marbles.—*Franklin Observer.*

DEEP RIVER IRON.—A friend who is busily engaged in preparations for work in the Deep River region has presented us with a rod of iron, some three feet long and half an inch through, made from ore from the Tysor place on Deep River. This ore, he says has been called magnetic, but it has been suggested, and he is inclined to think correctly, that it is Black Band debituminized, as the coal series in that vicinity has been much disturbed by an upheaval of trap.—The ore from which the rod was made was taken from Deep River to New York by Robert Paton, Esq., and there made into iron. It was tested at the Government works at Brooklyn, and found to be of unusual toughness.

We understand that a forge making blooms is in course of construction at the Tysor place and will be in operation in about two months.—*Fay Observer.*

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Aug. 12th, '59.

The State Elections—The Wise letter—National Teacher's Convention—Rowdyism—Improvements—Visit of Printers—A neat swindle.

The results of the recent state elections have conclusively proven that the Democratic members will form a minority of the next House of Representatives. The Black Republicans however will not be much superior to them in strength, and "the balance of power" will rest in the hands of the Southern Know-Nothings. How the election of a President could be settled should the people fail to make a choice in 1860 is difficult to say.

A letter of Gov. Wise of Virginia to a friend in New York, which has found its way into the papers is creating a great stir in the political world. The letter implies a determination on the part of Gov. Wise to struggle for the nomination of the Charleston Convention. The publication of the letter, which bears on its face the marks of a confidential communication, is denounced by the friends of Gov. Wise as a treacherous and infamous breach of confidence. It has certainly injured his political prospects very materially in the Northern States.

For the past three days a National Teacher's Convention has been in session at the Smithsonian Institution in this city. Delegates are present from about half the states of Union. The only name that I notice registered from North-Carolina is that of John G. Eliot of Wayne Co. Though much discussion has taken place on Educational topics no very practical conclusion has been reached. This afternoon the Delegates design paying a visit to Mount Vernon.

Of late the usual quiet of our city has been disturbed by a succession of scenes of riot and bloodshed. In some of these difficulties parties have been killed outright, but inasmuch as they were generally participants in the rowdyism little sympathy is felt for their fate.

Private and public improvements throughout the city seem progressing with a vigor that compares strangely with the torpor, which seems to pervade the city in other respects. The churches especially all over the city are in course of enlargement and renovation.

The Printers of Washington received a visit from their Philadelphia brethren on Wednesday last. The strangers were welcomed with the whole-souled hospitality which everywhere distinguishes the craft.

A few days ago a man calling himself William Evans put up at one of the hotels here, and advertised money to lend, in small or large sums, requiring that a certain per centage be paid to insure the accommodation. His room was soon besieged by numerous ready customers, including some of our most prominent citizens The firm was represented as Evans, Brothers & Co., of New York, but information received to day from that city shows that it has neither locality nor existence. The Washington applicants are about $5,000 minus for their dear bought experience. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH. N. C., Aug. 15th.

Louis Napoleon and the Press—Americans in Europe—The Kittrell Fever—The next Fair—The "Pillar of Fire"—The N. C. University Magazine—Stealing Bacon, hard work and poor pay.

The press of Continental Europe, and especially that of England, continue to belabor and abuse Louis Napoleon in the most unmeasured terms for the course he has thought proper to pursue in making peace with Austria.—"Traitor" and "villain," are the mildest terms in their vocabulary and even these are rose water in comparison with some of the abuse they spatter on him. All this is unjust in the extreme, for whom has he betrayed? He has certainly done great things for Italy, "therefore they rejoice." He has undoubtedly spent vast amounts of blood and treasure in the cause, and has not derived therefrom a single selfish gratification. The secret of all this is, that the English not only hate Napoleon most intensely, but they fear him in the same proportion. Without actually striking a blow at them he has reduced them to the rank of a second-rate Power; he has showed them that in a conflict with France their chances of success are by no means first rate, and they feel now more than ever that Europe would be leagued with France against them—so powerful has been the impress of his genius, subtlety and skill on the nations around him. After humbling Austria to the dust, he has by his gracious kindness, in the hour of her humiliation, made her one of his best friends; an alliance with her and Russia, already his ally, could stand against the world in arms. It is surmised now, that his object is ultimately to acquire Egypt and to unite it with Algeria; he will let Russia have Constantinople, Austria the Danubian Principalities; and then alas for British supremacy in India. These things may all be written in the Book of Fate. Who shall turn the leaf and read the dark lesson?"

The number of American travelers in Europe this season has been as great or greater than ever, and from their numerous letters it is very probable that on this side of the 'big pond' we are better posted as to the causes, incidents and results of the war, than those who are nearer the scene of action. Our folks are very apt to travel with their eyes and ears wide open and to hear and see all that is going on. It may be possible that some of the descriptions of battles, &c., direct from the field, which we have read with so much interest, have never crossed the salt water, and many who claim to have seen a battle may never have smelt powder. But, still, wherever the interest centered some keen-eyed Yankee was in the neighborhood to see and report the fun. We hear of a North Carolinian serving with Garibaldi, and a fair bride with her husband penetrating the Steppes of Russia, four or five hundred miles beyond Navogorod.

The "kittrel fever" is still carrying off several of our citizens; unlike other epidemics though, they are very much pleased with the attack and generally are greatly benefitted thereby. Our friend, Major Collins, will soon be very nicely fixed to entertain a crowd and we know that when he has a hand in the 'pie,' with "PEPPER" to match, every thing will be done 'brown.' We intend to give the Major a call some of these dull times and we think *he* will do us almost as much good as the water; "Kittrell's" is bound to be *the place* and we hope the Major may make half a dozen fortunes there.

The Program of the next Fair is published, offering a very attractive list of Premiums, worthy the attention of all the Farmers, Mechanics and Manufacturers of the State. Hon. David Outlaw, a gentleman of great intelligence, and the highest standing, is to deliver the address, so let every one who can, and *several* of *those who cannot*, come to the Fair and see and hear the great, wise and pretty things to be presented to them.

We have been much interested in reading "The Pillar of Fire," by Ingraham, every one who read "The Prince of the House of David" will recollect the beauty of his delineations and the exceeding truth of his description; but here he will be warmed with the inward fire that glows in every line and overwhelmed by the gorgeous magnificence of his vivid imagery, setting before him the temples, sphinxes and palm trees of the city of the same in all their natural splendor. We cannot be pleased with the character of Moses; he is represented at the age of thirty-four, ignorant of his history, his nation, his religion and his God, deeply skilled in all the learning of Egypt, gaily decked in the trappings of a Prince Priest, and openly defending and practicing Idolatry, though feeling an inward prompting to worship the High and Holy One. If Moses did this, we are sorry to have read the book and lost our ancient faith; we have looked on him in an entirely different light and yet we do not believe that the original of that god like statue at Rome, standing aloft in the grandest proportions and the most perfect manhood would have ever descended to such base mummery. St. Paul says, that "by faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharoah's daughter," and more to the same purport; see Hebrews XI.

A new number of the N. C. University Magazine is expected out in a few days; it bids fair to eclipse any of its predecessors, both in matter and manner; it has been delayed by the remissness of the artist in having the likeness of Dr. Caldwell, ready in time; this number is under the editorial care of Mr. George P. Bryan of this City.

One of our neighbors lost a large quantity of Bacon from his smoke-house, the other night; some three hundred pounds were taken. A small load of powder and a few shot is a good preventive in such cases. Some years ago, a party of burglars, with infinite trouble, one dark, stormy night, dug under a smokehouse, near where we write, and forcing themselves through the ditch, were very pleasantly surprised to find the door wide open and not a particle of meat therein.

Yours truly, P. S. S.

ANOTHER AFRICAN REPUBLIC.—Accounts from Mogadore, Africa, state that the inhabitants had risen in rebellion against the constituted authorities and established a Republic. Mogadore is a fortified city and principal seaport of the Empire of Morocco, on the Atlantic. The population is estimated at 17,000, including 4,000 Jews. It stands on a rocky promontory, surrounded by a barren and a sandy region. It was founded in 1760, on the site of an old Portuguese Fort, and exports gum, wool, wax, hides, skins, almonds, feathers, gold dust, wrought iron, hardware and cotton goods. It is defended from the sea by several strong batteries.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

LAWRENCE, MASS., August 12.—A great fire is raging in this place. The United States Hotel, the Church Block, Unitarian Church, and new court house, are already destroyed.—Three men are reported killed. The city government has just telegraphed to Lowell for all the assistance that can be spared, with the engines.

A second dispatch from Lawrence, dated halfpast 3 P. M. states that another man badly hurt. The loss is nearly $100 000.

CICINNATI, August 13.—The losses by the fire yesterday morning were as follows:—Boyle & Co., lost $150,000 insurance, $75,000. Crane, Breed & Co., an' Barstow, Breed & Co., $25,000 fully insured. G. Henshow, furniture manufacture, $10,000; fully insured. S. N. Pike's rectifying house, (almost wholly destroyed,) $20,000; insurance, 10,000. Several firemen were injured by the falling of the walls. During the prevalence of the fire, the water in the cisterns was exhausted, or the destruction of property would have been less. The whole steam fire department was on duty, and water had to be conveyed a distance of a half mile. The origin of the fire is unknown.

HOW ONE FEELS IN BATTLE.—In an account of the battle of Montebello, written by a young non-commissioned officer to a newspaper at home, he says:

Our officers kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was, moreover, most prudent, for this murderous fire—so fatal to the white coats—did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV., they say, did the same at the first beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, physical effect, independent of the will.

But, this tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of the powder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot and its look is fixed on the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

Everybody that has tried it, testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in a battle. There is an infatuating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women sometimes to monsters.—None can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence, but those who have been to fray themselves.

A LIVING HEAD ON A DEAD BODY.—The Newburgh *Index* gives the following curious but melancholy particulars of a respectable farmer in that neighborhood who was once a resident in this city:

Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Camden, East, while engaged in finishing a new dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave way, and he was precipitated head foremost to the ground and dislocated his neck but very fortunately and mysteriously did not kill him. When his head was brought to its proper position, the vertebræ of his neck returned to their place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralysed and dead from the neck downward. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Fortunately the nerves supplying the muscles used in respiration were not paralyzed, and he can breathe and live. Had the injury of the spinal cord been a little higher, he would have died immediately. The senses of sight, hearing, smelling &c., are normal and his intellect unimpaired. Mr. Campbell has been for a number of years the victim of a series of misfortunes. But the last misfortune is more intolerable than any of its predecessors. There he lies, a strange and remarkable specimen of a living head on a dead body, with a full consciousness of his unenviable position. When last heard from however, there were some indications of a return of sensation, and the power of motion, and it is just possible that he might partially recover.

LARGEST YET.—The wheat crop of Southern Kentucky, this year, is said to be the largest ever grown.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The Railroad Convention assembled here to-day. All the roads on the Southwestern route from Washington to New Orleans are represented. The Convention organized by the election of J. R. McDaniel, of Virginia, chairman. The delegates represent about $50,000,000 railroad capital. The object of the Convention is to make a joint bid for transporting the great Southern Mail under the advertisement for service from Portland to New Orleans, commencing the 1st of January next; also to facilitate the passenger and freight arrangements. Delegates represent that the gaps on the line in Virginia and Mississippi will be fully complete by that time, and they are confident that the mail can be carried from Washington to New Orleans in three and a half days.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The Interior Department has received dispatches from the Commissioner of the U. S. and Texas boundary servey; A trip was made up the Pecos river, until Capt Whipple's trail was struck, and much has been added materially to the geographical knowledge of a region heretofore but little known. The practicability of constructing a good wagon road, where it was reported impossible to take a wagon, has been demonstrated.

Such information has been received at the Indian Bureau as leads to the belief that the Indians lately on the Reserves at the Brazos agency by this time have been removed beyond the limits of Texas, and thus one of the difficulties between them and the citizens of that State quieted. The Creek and Cherokees, between whom a general war was anticipated, are again at peace.

A MORAL SIMILE.—Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

INTERESTING MEMENTO OF THE PAST.—We were shown the other day an interesting relict in the shade of a fine old gold watch, with the history of which are connected some interesting incidents.

The history of the time records the fact that Capt. William Rogers made the first trip across the Atlantic by steam. He sailed from Savannah, we do not recollect the year, for Liverpool, and in due time reached that point in safety. His appearance in that harbor in a Ship that moved along without sails, caused a good deal of surprise and some little alarm. It is said some armed barges were sent to meet him, and to demand what manner of man he was, or rather what of his vessel; his answer to which was made by thundering puffs of steam through the safety valve, which so frightened those on the Barges as to cause them to keep at a respectful distance.

After his arrival, however, and when the success of a steam voyage was realized, there were great rejoicings, and as a manifestation of the estimation in which the successful experiment was held, a purse was made up and an elegant gold watch purchased and presented to Capt. Rogers.

Some years afterwards, Capt. Rogers navigated the first Steam Boat up the Pee Dee to this place. He not long afterwards died here or on the river, and his effects were sold in this place, and among other things the watch. It was bought by James Coit, Esq., one of the most prominent merchants of this place. Some years after this, Mr. Coit died in this place, leaving a widow and one son an infant. She returned North with her son and the watch, but eventually settled near *Baton Rouge*, Louisiana, where she again married. The watch was kept for her son until he reached manhood, soon after which he was drowned in the Mississippi. The watch is now worn by the second husband, who showed it to us and gave us the above brief history of its eventful existence.

Capt. Rogers some few years ago had a son living, and if this chance to meet his eye, he will learn where he may find this interesting testimonial to his father's enterprise and perseverance.—*Cheraw Gazette.*

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—Proofs of the great superiority of *Dr. Wistar's Balsam*, pour in from all parts of the country.

OXFORD, New Haven Co., Conn., Jan. 4.

Dear Sir: Having witnessed the effects of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, in the case of one of my neighbors, who has been for several years seriously afflicted with the Phthisic, General Pulmonary Weakness, Bleeding of the Lungs, etc., I have been induced to ask you to send me some of the medicine. My neighbor, referred to above, lately had a violent attack of Bleeding at the Lungs, and distress in breathing. He tried a bottle of the *Wild Cherry*, which has produced a most salutary and favorable effect. At his instance, and several others laboring under like complaints, I have been induced to make this request. By attending to the above immediately, you will oblige the afflicted, and also Yours,
HENRY DUNHAM.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods**. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts. per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	" "	"
3	"	"	17	" "	"
4	"	"	22	" "	"
5	"	"	27	" "	"
6	"	"	32	" "	"
7	"	"	38	" "	"
8	"	"	42	" "	"
10	"	"	60	" "	"
12	"	"	72	" "	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh, University Building Committee, Chapel Hill, New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,
R. S. TUCKER, W. M. BOYLAN, W. C. HARRISON, } Raleigh do do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 1b:51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Aug. 20, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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GRACE MILWOOD,	Mdm. O. W. LaVERT
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. McREE.	J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.	and others.

Death of Horace Mann.

Hon. Horace Mann, LL. D., President of Antioch College, Ohio, died Tuesday evening, August. 2nd, 1859. He was a native of Massachusetts, where he was born at Franklin, May, 4th, 1796. In his youth he fell in with an itenerant schoolmaster, Samuel Barrett, by whose proficiency in the languages he was animated in his studies. He was educated at Brown University, and pursued the study of the law in Litchfield, Conn., and Dedham, Mass., which he represented in the Legislature. He took up his residence in Boston in 1836, and was elected to the State Senate. He was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education from 1837 to 1848, when he succeeded John Quincy Adams in Congress. He is chiefly known as a writer through his valuable series of Annual Education Reports, twelve in number, stored with ingenius and pertinent discussion of the various means and machinery to be employed in the work of popular education, both intellectual and physical. Through these he has identified himself with the progress of the public-school system of Massachusetts. He published in this connection, as part of his seventh Annual Report to the legislature, a *Report of an Educational Tour in Germany, Britian* &c., made in the year 1843.

Mr. Mann has become eminent as a social reformer and philanthropist; taking under his charge the temperance question, among others. His lectures and addresses are vigorous and energetic, in a familiar colloquial manner—striking hard to produce an immediate impression.

In 1853, he was elected President of Antioch College, where he also supported the duties of Professor of Political Economy, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Constitutional Law and Natural Theology. This College was incorporated in 1852. It is situated at Yellow Springs, Green County, Ohio.—From a prospectus of the institution we cite a few sentences declaratory of its plan, which has some peculiarities, and to some extent illustrates Mr. Mann's character.

"The leading minds, under whose auspices and by whose patronage Antioch College was founded, long ago called themselves 'Christians,' not invidiously but devoutly, and in honor of the author and finisher of their faith; and they have now selected a name by which to designate their Institution, at once scriptural and commemorative, because 'the Disciples were called Christians first at *Antioch*.'

"In some particulars of its aim and scope, this College differs from most of the higher literary institutions of the country. It recognises the claims of the female sex to equal opportunities of education with the male, and these opportunities it designs to confer. Its founders believe that labors and expenditures for the higher education of men will tend indirectly to elevate the character of women; but they are certain that all wise efforts for the improved education of woman will speed the elevation of the whole human race.

"It is designed, in this College, not only to give marked attention to the study of the Laws of Human Health and Life, but to train up the pupils in a systematic obedience to them."

Opening its halls under the direction of its well known and efficient head, the college sprang at once into a state of prosperity. In the second year of its instruction in 1854, no less than four hundred students were in daily attendance; of these one third were females, who are admitted to equal privileges in all the advantages of the institution.

Mr. Loring, in his "Hundred Boston Orators," gives us this sketch of the personal appearance of Mr. Mann.—"He is tall, very erect, and remarkably slender, with silvery grey hairs, animated and expressive features, light complexion, and rapid pace. As an orator, his smoth flowing style, musical voice, and graceful manner, with fertility, amplitude, and energy of diction, often adorned with a graceful, rushing eloquence, that can be measured only by the celerity of his movements in the street, irresistibly captivate the breathless audience."

BIBLE DRAMAS.

Dramatic and theatrical performances are condemned by religionists as immoral in their tendencies and effects; at least as they are now acted and understood. This, however, does not, we conceive, make us speak irreverently when we allude to the dramas of the Bible; or say there are dramas in the Bible. But by the use of the term *dramatic* in this connection, we should be understood as having no reference whatever to the theatre and stage-effect, or to the sundry devices whereby the play-house is made at once popular and intolerable.

The painter enjoys a license in the treatment of Scriptural themes, both to embellish the sacred page and to honor his art; and the sculptor and the poet, likewise, each of whom, ranging divine ground, remarks upon the objects there presented according to the laws of his profession. As the picturesque, the staturesque, the poetical in the Bible are legitimate studies, so also the dramatic.

It may be said, however, that the drama is foreign to the Bible, and even directly contradistinguished therefrom. The drama is representation,—the Bible fact; the drama is imitation,—the Bible narrative; the one is an embodiment—the other a substance; the one transcribes the actual by the personal,—the other is a return to the simplest originality; the one exalts its subjects by poetic freedom,—the other adheres to prosaic plainness.

Yet are there not points in which they meet, or in which they may be considered as coming together,—that is, admitting of an artistical juxtaposition? The Atlantic Monthly for August has a lengthy and interesting article upon this subject.

In the first place, to take Shakspeare for a type of the drama, what is the distinguishing merit of this great writer? It is his fidelity to Nature. Is not the Bible also equally true to Nature? "It is the praise of Shakspeare," says Dr. Johnson, "that his plays are the mirror of life." Was there ever a more consummate mirror of life than the Bible affords? "Shakspeare copied the manners of the world then passing before him, and has more allusions than other poets to the traditions and superstitions of the vulgar." The Bible, perhaps, excels all other books in this sort of description. "Shakspeare was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world." The Bible is full of similar sketches. An excellence of Shakspeare is the individuality of his sketches. "They are real beings of flesh and blood," the critics tell us; "they speak like men, not like authors." How truly this applies to the persons mentioned in sacred writ! Goethe has compared the characters of Shakspeare to "watches with crystaline cases and plates, which, while they point out with perfect accuracy the course of the hours and minutes, at the same time disclose the whole combination of springs and wheels whereby they are moved." A similar transparency of motive and purpose, of individual traits and spontaneous action, belongs to the Bible. From the hand of Shakspeare, "the lord and the tinker, the hero and the valet, come forth equally distinct and clear." In the Bible the various sorts of men are never confounded, but have the advantage of being exhibited by Nature herself, and are not a contrivance of the imagination. "Shylock," observes a recent critic, "seems so much a man of Nature's making, that we can scarce accord to Shakspeare the merit of creating him." What will you say of Balak, Nahal, Jeroboam? "Macbeth is rather guilty of tempting the Weird Sisters than of being tempted by them, and is surprised and horrified at his own hell-begotten conception." Saul is guilty of tampering with the Witch of Endor, and is alarmed at the Ghost of Samuel, whose words distinctly embody and vibrate the fears of his own heart, and he "falls straightway all along on the earth." "The exquisite refinement of Viola triumps over her masculine attire." The exquisite refinement of Ruth triumphs in the midst of men.

We see there are points in which dramatic representation and Scriptural delineation mutually touch.

But human nature, in every stage of its development and every variety of its operation, is as distinctly pronounced on the pages of Scripture as in the scenes of the dramatist. Of Shakspeare it is said, "He turned the globe round for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives." He has been called the "thousand-minded," the "oceanic soul." The Bible creates the world and peoples it, and gives us a profound and universal insight into all its concerns.

Another peculiarity of Shakspeare is his self-forgetfulness. In reading what is written, you do not think of him, but of his productions. "The perfect absence of himself from his own pages makes it difficult for us to conceive of a human being having written them." This remark applies with obvious force to the Bible. The authors of the several books do not thrust themselves upon your notice, or interfere with your meditations on what they have written; indeed, to such an extent is this self-abeyance maintained, that it is impossible, at this period of time, to determine who are the authors of some of the books. The narrative of events proceeds, for the most part, as if the author had never existed. How *naively* and perspicuously everything is told, without the coloring of prejudice, or an infusion of egotism on the part of the writer!

Coleridge says, Shakspeare gives us no moral highwaymen, no sentimental thieves and rat-catchers, no interesting villains, no amiable adulteresses. The Bible even goes farther than this, and is faithful to the foibles and imperfections of its favorite characters, and describes a rebellious Moses, a perjured David, a treacherous Peter.

"In nothing does Shakspeare so deeply and divinely touch the heart of humanity as in the representation of woman." We have the grandeur of Portia, the sprightliness of Rosalind, the passion of Juliet, the delicacy of Ophelia, the mournful dignity of Hermione, the filial affection of Cordelia. How shall we describe the Pythian greatness of Miriam, the cheerful hospitality of Sarah, the heroism of Rahab, the industry of Dorcas, the devotion of Mary? And we might set off Lady Macbeth with Jezebel, and Cleopatra with Delilah.

GOV. WISE WANTS TO "BAG" BOSTON.—Gov. Wise has written the following characteristic letter to John S. Foster, corresponding secretary of the Mercantile Library Association, in answer to an invitation to lecture before the society next winter:

RICMOND, Va., July 27, 1859.

Dear Sir:—I hardly know how to decline your invitation, but *must* do so.—Please present my acknowledgments to the lecture committee, and say that I am about to start for our mountains for a tour of sixty days, examining routes and reservoirs for a canal. That from that time to the first of December I shall be engaged in preparing materials for my last message to the Virginia General Assembly, upon whom I must wait constantly until the 1st of January next. And that thereafter I shall be busily occupied in fixing a house and home for my family after *four years'* absence. Besides all this, extra labours of grievous burthen fall heavily upon me. So I *cannot* accept this call. I have no time for literary or any other composition. I am a bad shot at the best, and I am not going to *Boston* to shoot at game on the wing. I would like to bag you, if I could—oh! if I *could bag Boston*—the whole nation would be safe then. Yes! I always loved old Boston—she was the saloon of the tea party. And some of these days, God willing, I will try to see what is the matter with her that she don't—throw tea overboard like she used to do—God bless her still.

Very hastily, but truly yours,
HENRY A. WISE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—By mail this evening we have information that a cargo of six hundred Africans has been landed on the Florida coast, near Tyrna. As soon as the landing was effected the vessel was fired and abandoned. This statement was made on authority of United States Marshal Blackburn.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

We commence our gossip-talk this week with a very welcome, wise, warm and wide-awake communication from 'Miss Alice Junebug.' It reads as follows:

Dear Gossip: The first beau I ever had was a very pretty fellow—that is, so far as flesh and dress were concerned. He had the prettiest little foot in the world; the daintiest little hand; the tinniest little blue eye; the dearest little chin, in which nestled the sweetest little dimple; the most aristocratic little hand; the most genteel little nose, and the most charming little *moustache*. He was dead in love with me, and I made him think that I was with him. He knows better now. The fact is, dear Gossip, he was a perfect dumb-head. Good-looking, to be sure, outside; but inside his head what was there? Brains? *No!* Emptiness? *Yes!* Well, after he had sparked me a month or so, I made up my mind to give him the mitten; so one night when he was at my house, and he and I were sitting very wooingly on the sofa, said I, "Josey, who is this King Bomba I read so much about in the papers?" "Oh, ah, Miss Junebug," said he, "I used to read about him, ah, when I was studying at Yale, ah. He was an early King, ah, of Ancient Greece, ah. "Now, is that so?" said I, "is that so?" "And who was Confucius?" queried I. "He, ah," answered my beau, "he, ah, was supposed to be the author of the 'Junius Papers,' ah." I laughed, I couldn't help it. Josey laughed, too. "Every fool," you know, "laughs at his own folly." When my beau left me that night I gave him a little *billet deaux*, charging him not to read its contents till the morrow. I had written in the 'billy' these words: "Mr. Jose de Softhead *will please go on a journey to the moon, and form the acquaintance of the man who lives in it.*—When he has done that and returned safe to earth, Miss Junebug will be very happy to see him. Till he shall have accomplished such journey, Miss Junebug desires to hear nothing more from his lips about the 'Junius Papers' or the 'early Kings of Ancient Greece.'"

Yours, good naturedly, ALICE JUNEBUG.

That was a novel idea of yours, 'sartingly.' *Query:* Did he go to the moon? If he did, he was the first man-mortal that ever climbed up Jacob's ladder so high as that.....'Doctor Jones' gives us a philosophical lesson on the very discreet subject of

PRUDENCE.—*Dear Gossip*: What is there in this world of such estimable value as *Prudence?* It certainly costs nothing, and, therefore, (according to 'Gunter,') nothing can be half so cheap. Every man, if he will, may be a prudent man. Then, how many errors would never occur if the philosophy of prudence were put into practice as much as it deserves to be? There would be less sickness in the world, less poverty and, of course, more happiness. Prudence is the basis of all success. Without it, most men would always be surrounded by the blackest of troubles and preyed upon continually by the vultures of error. Let every man be prudent; let every woman be so, too, and if we don't see a change for better in human affairs, then I am not DOCTOR JONES.

The 'Doctor' knows where the great pulse of this world is to be found. If he had lived in the days of Solon, no doubt but that great law-giver would have pinned him to the end of his (Solon's) toga, and made considerable of him. 'Doctor,' allow us to pronounce you the Solon of modern times. There, now, 'ain't yer tikkul'd?'..... The fair authoress of the 'Policeman's Mistake,' which appeared in our last number, sends us the following, which, although we prefer humorous articles for this department of the 'Times,' we take pleasure in publishing:

THE PRAYER OF MARY OF SCOTLAND,
The Night before her Execution.

O, Domine Deus! sperari in te!
O, care me Jesu! nunc libera me.
In dura catena—
I misera poena,
Desidero te!
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genefluctendo—
Adoro! imploro
Ut liberes me!

[*Free translation.*]

O, Lord God! in thee I put my trust!
O, dear Jesus! deliver me now!
Harshly imprisoned—
Miserably punished—
I long for thee!
I languish—I bewail my fate—
I bow the knee to thee!
I adore thee!
I implore thee
To liberate me!

Accept our thanks for your welcome favors 'Di,' and come to our sanctum as often as you may feel inclined, for

Here's our heart, and here's our hand,
To welcome you to our 'Gossip' band.

..... 'Jenny Mayflower' (and, *en parenthesis*, who is more faithful than she?) gives us a brief sermon this week on

WORKING GIRLS.—*Dear Gossip:* Give me the working girls. They know what's what; and their wisdom teeth they are fonder of showing than the brass which they have in their faces, that is if they *have* any brass. I am a working girl myself, and I speak as the mouth-piece of their class. They are girls who earn their own living, looking to no one for their bread and butter: standing gaiters, hoops and all, upon the platform of independence and virtue. They have to struggle, 'tis true; but, then, they struggle cheerfully. Much has been said against them, and certainly most that has been so said has sprung from minds that are more given to slander than to saying their prayers For one, I am glad that I *am* a working girl. What I have is my own; what I earn is my own, and what I am I have made myself to be. I'd rather be what I am, and happy and independent, than the wife of a lord, and miserable and *dependent*.

Your own JENNY MAYFLOWER.

Our *own* 'Jenny Mayflower!' We wonder what 'Mrs. Poningoe' will say to that? But, 'Jenny,' you are the right kind of a woman; the man that gets you will never regret it, we lay a dollar. There is nothing half so sweet as independence, and it is far better to be

'The chief engineer of a milliner shop,
And the boss of a sewing machine,'

than to be the chief creature in the mansion of a Duke and the mistress of twenty chamber-maids, if the condition is happiness in the one place and misery in the other. You're right, 'Jenny,'

.....She follows this up with a sonnet, entitled:

FRIENDLESS: *A Sonnet.*

Lone, sad and weeping! and the dull, blank night
Is heavy with the gasp and groan of souls
That only live within the brain. The scrolls
Of fate, here writ in black and blood invite
Her drowning eyes, for there the laws she reads
Of human myst'ry, and the dread truth comes
Slow, solemn, like the sound of funeral drums,
That love is brittle as the weakest reeds.
The shrouded grave alone now intercedes
In her behalf with mercy, and she feels,
As at the throne of God in prayer she kneels,
The deepest anguish of a heart that bleeds.
Alas! that life this solemn truth reveals:
Love, love is brittle as the summer reeds.

'Jenny' must be 'solumkolly' once in a while. May-be she has been 'crossed in love' some time or other by some faithless swain 'only nineteen years old' ..... 'O. K.' sends us a few thoughts on

SLANDER.—*Mr. Gossip:* Slander is detestable, abominable, odious. Yet there are many who are known to be *cultivated* slanderers.—They always select their subject—their victim—from the ranks of innocence, thereby making a *pure* choice. They glory in covering a good man with the odium of falsehood; in destroying the entire fame of true women, and in heaping upon the memory of the just dead the sods of execration. Now, what is bad enough for such people, Mr. Gossip? Can any punishment severe enough be invented that should be inflicted upon them? Everywhere their baneful influence is felt; everybody lives within the circle of their existence. Wherever we may go, there these slanderers are to be found, villifying and execrating everything that is really good and worthy of praise. May the day speedily come when they shall number much less than at present, is the sincere prayer of O. K.

It is our prayer, too. We are especially 'down on' the man or woman who is given to scandal-vending, and we are just as 'keerful' to avoid such a person as we are to shun the close acquaintanceship of a black snake. We wouldn't touch such an 'inderwiddywul' only with the heel of our boot, and then we'd go to work in a very cautious manner. We know those who have a peculiar talent for making scandal; when we chance to meet them we immediately give our mustache a bare-faced twirl and our upper-lip an extra lift.....'Claude' favors us with the following on

FRIENDSHIP, FARE-THEE-WELL.

Fare-thee-well, thou siren, Friendship—
False and fickle thou hast proved!
Fare-thee-well bright scenes the dearest
That my heart hath ever loved.
From my soul the soothing gladness
Of sweet confidence hath flown;
From my mind all joy hath vanished,
And in grief I walk alone.
Yet I would not draw the sorrow
Of repining to my breast;
Better would I hail forbearance
As a true and faithful guest;
But when those we loved have left us—
Left us to our grief and pain—
Every moment seems a burden;
Even life seems only vain.

Rich is he in rarest treasure
Who can call one friend by name—
One true friend who in affliction
And prosperity 's the same.
Happy he who thus possesses
Such a friend in weal and woe—
One who watches o'er his spirit
Wheresoever he may go.
—If we have warm hearts to love us,
Seldom shall we walk astray,
Tho' the glitter of temptation
Shoot across our life's pathway;
But when in such hearts the sunshine
Of sweet friendship hath decayed,
What is thought but endless sorrow?
What existence but a shade?

Now, 'Claude,' no more of this despairing poetry. A man's a fool to complain under the worst of circumstances—*even that of hanging!* What use is there, we ask, in sighing over the loss or lack of friends? The best friend a man has (in this world) is himself, and it is time enough to complain when he has so far strayed from the path of prudence [*vide* 'Dr. Jones'] and honor as to become his own enemy. We hate this sickish maudlinism, as much as we do the 'Old Boy' and intend to keep clear of them both as long as possible. We go in for fun, merriment, good-nature, 'mother wit,' joking, and all that. We love everybody that loves good humor, and *hate* nobody. Everything to us wears a color of practical heart-cheering philosophy, and we don't want to be considered pedantic, for saying so. We are sincere, for we believe that,

"Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills; it calms its strife;
It gently smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

.....And now, dear Gossip friends, we leave you till next week; so, one and all, 'take care o' yerselves.'

LEAVENWORTH CITY, Aug. 2.—A Vigilance Committee, appointed to break up the gangs of horse thieves and robbers in the Territory, have hung two ruffians, and extorted sufficient disclosures from them as to all the ramifications of the band, and then disbanded.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

The graceful smoke above the hamlet rose,
And o'er the lofty mountains spread afar;
Till dimly seen, it mingled with the sky,
Or space illimitable and unknown!
'Twas early dawn, and through the flowery vale,
With verdure crowned, the pearly streamlet flowed,
'Mid songs of melody on either side;
The songsters of the air in concert sweet
Repeating for the thousandth time their strains
So shrill and grateful to the listening ear!
Not hence remote, an ancient church arose
With graceful spire majestic and sublime!
It's columns, huge and massy, time defied,
And time's dire, ruthless hand; for here the same,
For centuries immutable it stood,
Save some sad marks of mutilation wrought
By miscreants vile, devoid of reverent awe,
Or ill-disposed to worship in its walls.
It's mossy coverings many an age bespoke,
Though still of lovely tinge, refreshed with dew,
'Twas here the man of God, like Jacob prayed
When wrestling with divinity he strove
The mastery to secure, or gain his end!
That steeple, too, how many had admired
As from its lofty height the merry peals
Had poured from its far-sounding bell!
For here, had come how oft, the happy twain
As forth it gave the utterance of its sound,
To be by Hymen blessed and grateful love!
Or when the sabbath dawned, the gathering crowd,
More solemn came, invited by its tones,
To listen to the claims of Heaven above;
Or yet more solemn still, the funeral knell,
The index sad of *one more* passed away,
And destined to the dark and lonely grave!
That loudly sounding bell! How varied thus!
To some the call to prayer, to some to praise!
The pious, these for Heavenly bliss designed,
In its inscrutable decrees—to man
Inscrutable—to Deity all plain!
And there hard by the Old Stone Church, arose
The grassy mound, with flowerets sweet adorn'd,
In vernal bloom—to mark the sacred spot
Where silent lay the preacher and his charge—
How many none might tell; forgotten none,
Since registered in Heaven's own book divine!
The lover there, by his dear loved one lay
Unconscious, yet within the pale of hope
Whose rain-bow promise overhangs the tomb,
To those who lived, whilst yet below, *in Heaven.*
And many a vine luxuriant, too, arose,
And to the nearest tree its branches stretched
For aid, like man incompetent to stand
Alone, dependent on celestial power.
'Twas evening now, and from the fields the swain,
Fatigued with toil and unremitted care,
Was on his way to quietude and rest;
His grateful home, more grateful far to him
Than palaces to kings, who know no toil
Save that of *ennui*—severest far.
The lowing of the herds had ceased the while,
And save the tinkling bells, that to the fold
The sheep conducted, not a sound was heard
O'er hill and dale nor round the distant glen.
And such is rural life, so free from care,
The fatal care that on the sceptre rests,
'Twas at this hour, the hour of even-tide,
An old man sat within his cottage door
Intent on mysteries of fate and time!
Nor aught recalled him from his reverie long,
'Till lo! a voice of silvery sweetness fell
Upon his ear, with plaintive sound and sad!
Astonished first the aged man awoke,
As if from sleep, and lo! beside the grave,
Of one just numbered there a maiden stood!
How lovely! yet with overflowing tears!
Then gently kneeling to the new laid earth
She raised her weeping eyes to Heaven in prayer
"My God! not mine, thy holy will be done!"
She cried, "yet give me grace to bear the rod!"
Soon from his cottage-door the pitying sage,
Made haste the mourning maid, so desolate,
To meet, and solace give, if solace yet,
Could be imparted to one so bereft
And sorrowful—so whelm'd in gloom and wo!
A brow of snowy whiteness, caught his eye,
O'erhung with tresses curling gently down,
Her graceful neck bespoke a Venus fair
In beauty and in love though now in tears!
Deep silence intervened.—The old man spoke,
And at the sound sepulchral as it seemed
'Mid sepulchres, the maiden startled, first
Drew back and cried, "A friend or foe art thou?"
"The kindest friend," the aged man replied—
"Could I be less to one so sad, so fair!
And yet why mournest so,—disconsolate?"
"My brother oh! my brother! here he lies
O! here in this relentless, silent grave!
And can I less than weep? nay let me die
Thou aged sire, and make his grave my own!"
"Thy brother maiden fair?"
"My only one!
"And oh! the life he lived—the death he died!"
"The orphan, dost thou mean to strangers left
To nurture, nay to *torture and to kill?*"
"The same, the same!"
"Weep then, thou maiden, weep!
For I have wept to hear this piteous tale!
And yet remember that to orphans dear
Whom Earth a home denies, and martals too
There is a home—and oh! how sweet that home!
All, all is kindness there and tenderest love!"
"But ah! to think, that he must die *so young!*
And ere he knew what real kindness was,
A sister's deep, unfathomable love!
And joyously these hands of mine had wrought,
The livelong day, to cheer his piteous fate!
For cruel wrongs he felt, and suffered too,
Unnumbered stripes by wicked masters laid,
And words sarcastic, killing to the soul!
And in this grave he lies a prey to crime,
Himself so innocent, so free from guile."
"Fair maiden weep no more; thy brother's tears
Have all been wiped away by hands divine;
Thine own, then, cease or make them those of joy!"
'Twas thus the old man spoke nor yet refrain'd
Himself from tears, though solace such he gave;
"For I" he cried, "have in this church-yard laid
My *all*—my partner and my darling sons!
Thou seest them there—their gently rising graves,
But thou perchance (forgive me maid if bold I seem,) *thou, too,* hast not on earth a home!"
"None, *none,* indeed! thou kindly sire, and none,
From Heaven do I implore—enough for me,
That I may come and weep my brother's fate!"
"No, no, fair maiden this may not suffice;
That rural cottage shall be *thine* abode!"
O! grateful words—O! more than grateful too!
An oasis they seemed, amid this desert world!
To Ida's ear, so desolate and sad!
Yet what response to overtures so kind!
What utterance hiust the maiden give for words
So sympathetic and *unquestioned* too!
The old man gazed, and gently took her hand
And led her thus to his own sweet abode—
To her a home—to *him* a paradise,
Once more!
And now the evening lamp its light
More radiant threw o'er that *revived* abode,
And all its gloom dispell'd and shadows drear!
"My daughter!" thus the aged sire addressed
His Ida fair, his dear adopted child,
"Go when thou wilt and weep thy brother's fate
But weep no more for earthly things like these,
For all I have is thine—this house, *thy home!*"
The old man spoke, but scarce his trembling words
His lips escaped ere life was on its wing
From this vain world to glory—
Now her tears
For *him* must fall—and yet with hers too fell
The youthful preacher's; tears of grief and *love;*
For Ida's hand, ere long he claimed and heart,
And sweetly joined in unison divine,
They often knelt and wept at *Henry's* grave
And at the aged sire's, to Ida dear,
The Old Stone Church their sweet memorial still!

THE BOY PATRIOTS.

A BOLD REVOLUTIONARY ADVENTURE.

History is filled with deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriot women forgotten in the "burning words" of the annalists of '76, but where is the historian who tells of the patriotism of the boys of that gloomy period? Who writes their biographies?

There were boys in the Revolution, boys of noble patriotism and dauntless spirit—boys who would not become traitors although the rack and gibbet confronted them—boys who toiled with an endurance and boldness unequalled in the annals of a nation for the independence of the "Old Thirteen;" and had they now a just desert, the brightest star in the American constellation, and their widest stripe in her broad canvas, would be dedicated to the boys of '76.

Let us relate an instance:

It was in the year 1777. Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, who in the fields of Brandywine, gave the American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Delaware and Pennsylvania were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian Dragoons scoured the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would have disgraced a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful summer day, a group of boys ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the step of a tenantless storehouse, in the village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band already told, not a human being met the eye. All the men, capable of bearing arms, had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the banks of the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen years, mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the narrator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in the love of the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His blue eye and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath his homespun jacket throbbed a heart which never quailed in danger, nor shrunk before an obstacle. His father was the commander of the Delaware regular troops, and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narration, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army.

"I am not old enough," said he; "but had I a musket, I would not stand idly here, with my hands hanging uselessly by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description, in the village?" inquired a listening youth.

"None. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect the old Tory, Livingston, has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say, positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard, "he has no one there but his cowardly son, George, and I can thrash him as easily as that!" and the boy snapped his fingers, to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy.

"If any three boys in this company will help me, I will search old Livingston's house, to-night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Everybody in that crowd, without a moment's hesitation, stepped promptly forward.

The boy's eyes flashed like stars.—"Now, by the dead of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's residence, though death stand in my path."

With a firm tread, and the utmost silence, the young heroes took the march for old Squire Livingston's.

Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he had kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the genuine Whigs as a dangerous man, and was therefore avoided.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted store house in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the dark shades of night. The moon was shining brightly in the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked quickly forward, maintaining a solemn silence. At length they gained the bank of the creek, and slowly following the winding path, soon came in sight of the object of their destination. As they came to a little log bridge which crossed a little shallow rivulet leading into the White Clay Creek, James Wilson ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoiter the premises, first, to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here until we return.—Make no noise, and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost to the eye in the thick woods through which the path ran.—Scarcely had they gone from the view of their companions, when the quick ear of Wilson, detected a noise.

"Hist," said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beach tree. The noise soon resolved into a human foot-fall, and in another moment, George Livingston, the Tory's son, stood opposite the tree. Wilson darted from his covert, and tightly griped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek!"

The Tory's son was struck dumb with fright, and before he had recovered from his stupor, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grip of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and correctly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear?"

"Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I cannot tell," stammered the almost dead youth,

"You shall tell, or—"

"Spare me, and I will disclose everything. When I left the house, there was no one there but our own family and Major Bardston."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't, indeed!"

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is a Captain of the Yorkshire Dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son, a revelation which stamped his father as a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British Commander, but that he had plotted in his traitorous designs that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children exposed to the mercy of their pitiless foes. The old Tory was to receive as his reward, the land where the village stood, and an annual pension from the English government. But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on that very night, and the Tory's son had been captured while he was on an errand to a Tory neighbor, about two miles distant.

The little band of heroes learned too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and descended the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their Captain.—Major Bardston, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a perfect demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty, to destroy the sleeping infant or the sickly wife. Not a few in that youthful band of patriots, trembled for safety of a widowed mother, or a defenceless sister.

Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was tied hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston.—Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now, boys," said James Wilson, "the narrative which we have just learned is true; and as we have no muskets or ammunition we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an hour to work let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of this precipice, and when the redcoats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy set immediately to work, and in an incredibly short time, nine huge rocks, each of half a ton in weight, were nicely balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rocks on which our heroes stood. If the British band descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot; if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour, the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured stroke of the muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered; "let no one drop his rock until I give the word, and then all at once."

It was a beautiful night to wreak a work of death. The heavens were spangled with innumerable stars, and every object upon which the moonbeams played, sparkled with silvery radiance.

Closer came the doomed Royalists, and the hearts of the boy patriots beat wildly in their bosoms. Peering cautiously over the cliff, James Wilson saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood in the bows, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the epauletts on his shoulders told that it was the identical fiend, Major Bardston.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twenty feet from the rocks, the boy-leader fell securely behind his stone defence, and shouted, "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing and gazed with amazement above them. The impetus which the boat had acquired caused it to drift slowly under the rocks, and just as it was fairly below, forth came the doomed words: "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters below, told how well the plan had succeeded, and when the exultant boys again looked over the precipice, nothing was seen but a few pieces of floating wood. The boat had been bursted open, and the occupants had found a grave at the bottom of the White Clay.

A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the patriots, and it was echoed along the old creek in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in the efforts to free himself, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved fate, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"May such be the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not only guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls, etc., were found concealed in the old Tory's cellar. The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, a jovial welcome at their quarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of Delaware would have been over-run by a predatory party of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Green, and served with distinction in the Southern campaigns; Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs bewailed by all who knew him. James Wilson lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village; but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever-to-be remembered words on his lips, "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity.—The scene of the defeat of the British at the hands of the patriot-boys is still pointed out, and it is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark

Such, reader, were the acts of the boys of '76; and though they had no monumental pile to preserve their memories, they live in legend, song, and verse where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The wheat crop of this country, just harvested, is set down at 201,000,000 bushels, or one and three-fifths of a barrel of flour for every one of the 25,000,000 individuals in this country. Ohio is given a production of 20,000,000 bushes; Pennsylvania 25,000,000, New York 20,000,000, Illinois 20,000,000. New England States have decreased in their production of wheat, but the West has increased four to one. The amount of land under wheat cultivation this year is thirty-three per cent. greater than in 1855.

FORGED GOVERNMENT CHECKS.—We learn that forged government checks to the amount of eighty thousand dollars have been discovered at Camp Floyd, Utah Territory. Two persons have been arrested.

A NEW ARTICLE OF COMMERCE.—We learn from Mr. John T. West, Agent of the North Carolina Railroad at this place, that on the 22d inst. eleven boxes (4,000 lbs) of dried blackberries passed over that road from Lexington, in this State, for New York city. What next? Maj. Wilder, President of the Raleigh & Gaston Road, informs us that large quantities of black walnuts were shipped from this State to New York last fall.—*Ral. Stand.*

☞ The tongue needs bridleing.

Di Vernon Papers.

[NO. 1.]

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

How to become Beautiful.

The plainest face may be made to grow beautiful. That is, if it possesses no positive deformity. I have seen faces without one regular feature, faces which in repose were undeniably ugly, render themselves by a smile, or an expression of the eye, irresistibly fascinating. This miraculous change of countenances was, of course, produced by the beautiful soul enshrined within—true beauty proceeding altogether from the soul—a beauty that never fades, never dies. How often do we see the most regular and statuesque features, combined with delicacy of complexion wanting entirely that peculiar and irresistable charm, a lovely expression. There is no fair face so charming as that which is unconscious of its own beauty;—I am sorry to say such a face is a *rara avis*, for almost every handsome man or woman is perfectly well aware of his or her attractiveness, and the simple consciousness of it gives to the countenance an expression of vanity and self-conceit.

It lies within the power of every human being, to become, in a greater or lesser degree, possessed of a soul-beauty which will remain even in the countenance of age. It is simply to cultivate those graces and beauties of mind and disposition that are most calculated to give pleasure and happiness to others as well as contentment and serenity to one's self. Meekness, modesty, innocence and singleness of heart, truthfulness and purity of soul, benevolence, and above all, piety; each yields its own peculiar charm to the expression which glows in every feature, and especially in the eyes. A face of perfect beauty, like that I have in "my mind's eye," not only smiles with the lips, but the lovely soul shines out through every lineament, and actually sheds a halo around. Once or twice in my life-time I have seen such a countenance.

I once knew a young girl, tall, fair and fragile as a white lily, whose expression was the most angelic I ever beheld. It must have been one of the purest and loveliest of souls that animated that delicate form. Modesty and goodness beamed in her gentle smile, innocence and holiness dwelt in her sweet eyes of heaven's own blue. She walked through the world like a being from an immortal sphere, all reverenced—all worshipped her. Her beauty was not of earth—so she took her departure just like the melting of a snow-flake; aye, just as silently and as yieldingly as a snow-flake melts in the dark waters of the sea.

For years consumption, like a "worm in the bud," had, almost unknown to herself, preyed secretly, but with a grasp, alas! too fatal upon her delicate constitution, and although neither she nor her family appeared to observe it, strangers remarked with pain her gradual decline, and whispered to each other their regret that one "so young and beautiful should perish with the flowers."

I was at the burial. I stood over her coffin and gazed upon that marble face with the question trembling on my lips, "Can it be that *thou* art dead? thou, the beautiful, the pure?" Tears filled my eyes, and I was scarcely conscious of what followed. A prayer, an exhortation, a sermon, a deep silence—and then I beheld them bearing her gently away—away from the home of her happy childhood, to the *other*—the dark and dreary home—the *grave!* But, she is now one of the angel band around the Glory Throne, one of the shining ones—beautiful because they are good.

An angel *was* she—pure, confiding—
An angel *now*, more bright!
Too pure for earth—she's now abiding
In regions of delight.

But I am wandering. Perhaps, reader, you doubt this theory of creating our own beauty. Now, suppose you undertake the pleasing task, presuming that you have a decent face. This soul beauty will not come to you in a day or a week—no, it may take you months and years to arrive at a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." It will depend altogether upon your self-subjugation—upon your victory over all the baser passions—driving from you all evil thoughts, cultivating every feeling that is upright and pure, every sentiment that is noble and exalting; and to do this effectually, you must perseveringly seek the aid of a mightier Power, for without His aid, poor human nature can accomplish nothing.

DI VERNON.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 5.—A fire broke out here this morning, destroying Moore, Halstead & Co.'s planing mill and lumber yard, with five dwelling houses adjoining. The loss amounts to $125,000, and is fully covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
50 "	"	(to one address,) 50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT FUND.—The Post Master General, at the request of the managers of the Washington Monument Association, has issued directions to the 30,000 post masters in the United States, granting permission to open contribution boxes in their respective offices. The box is conveniently arranged, so that persons stepping into the office may drop in their mite.

Our Postmaster has opened a box, and our citizens have an opportunity to call and make their deposits. A little from all the offices will accomplish the work.

A VENERABLE BISHOP.—The Rev. Joshua Soule, D. D., senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, preached a sermon at Lebanan, Ohio, on the 31st ultimo. It is stated that some of his allusions to his ministerial life, the deaths of his former colleagues, Whatcoat, McKendree, and others, were very touching. "*Sixty* years ago," said the Bishop, "on the 5th of January last, I left my home to begin the work of a Methodist traveling preacher, and this day, July 31st., I close the 78th year of my life." He spoke with his usual distinctness and compass of voice, sufficient to make himself heard by a large congregation.

OUR GAS COMPANY.—A. P. Eckle, Esq., has recently returned from N. York with apparatus, fixtures, &c.; and we understand the workmen are now engaged. It is the intention of the company to be ready with the gas early in the fall.

SALE OF LAND.—W. R. Myers, Esq., says the Charlotte (N. C.) *Democrat*, sold ten acres of land last week, in the neighborhood of Dr. Taylor's tan yard, for $100 per acre. Ten years ago, we learn, the same land changed hands at $5 per acre.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND is the name of the weekly, gotten up in a neat pamphlet of 24 pages, conducted by Charles Dickens, re-published in New York, simultaneously with its London issue, by J. M. Emerson & Co. Price 5 cents a number, or $2.50 a year.

☞ Roger A. Pryor was recommended by the Petersburg convention last week, as a candidate for Congress in that District. He received 199 votes, Col. H. L. Hopkins 38.

COUNTERFEIT.—Spurious 5's on the Commercial Bank of Wilmington, N. C., are said to be in circulation in Virginia.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.—A law was passed by the last Legislature to prevent betting on Elections. It reads thus:

Be it enacted, &c., That any person who shall bet or wager any money, or other thing of value, upon any election held in this State, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined or imprisoned at the discretion of the Court.

DEATH OF HON. W. H. UNDERWOOD.—The *National American*, Augusta Georgia of the 6th inst, says:

Judge William H. Underwood, while on a visit to Marietta, on yesterday, fell dead.

This community, of which he has for three or four years been one of the most respected citizens, has painfully watched him "halting feebly" under disease and the weight of years. But, though thus prepared, our citizens were startled at the announcement of his death, and unanimously deplore his departure.

The State Boundary.

There appears to be much controversy about the dividing line between North Carolina and Virginia. It is a question of some importance, and we give the following correspondence from the *Standard*, as affording some light upon the subject:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Legislature of Virginia, some year or two ago, proposed "a joint commission to run and mark the dividing lines between that State and the State of North-Carolina from the point where the dividing line between Pittsylvania and Henry counties in the State of Virginia, intersects with the North-Carolina line to the western limits of the State." Our Legislature acceded to the proposition, and Fowlkes Smith, Esq., of Patrick, has been appointed commissioner on the part of Virginia, and Hon. John Hill, of Stokes, commissioner on the part of North Carolina.

In calling the attention of the Legislature to this subject, Gov. Bragg said "I am not informed whether the whole boundary between the two States, east of the proposed starting point, is known and undisputed."

It seems Virginia so regarded it, or she would have proposed starting at the seashore. But we think the correctness of the lines east of the proposed starting point is about as questionable as it is west, at least as far west as Peter's Creek, and that the better place would have been to have made the seashore "the starting point."

But what shall govern the commissioners in running the lines. In the Bill of Rights our northern boundary is described as beginning "on the seashore in thirty minutes, north latitude, and from thence runs west."

The line run by Byrd and Gale in 1828, commenced on north side of Currituck Inlet, at thirty six degrees, thirty-one minutes, north latitude.

Wheeler, in his sketches, says: "The State of North-Carolina is situated between 33 deg., 53 min, and 36 deg., 33 min, north latitude, and 1 deg., 28 min., east, and 60 deg., 50 min., west longitude," which we believe precisely covers the territory claimed by North-Carolina.

The Virginia commissioner, we understand, is of opinion that what is now considered the line is too far North, and according to the boundary given in the Bill of Rights, we think he is correct.

Much difficulty has been found in endeavoring to establish the dividing line between Virginia and Tennessee. And we learn that it will be almost impossible to do so until it is clearly defined between North-Carolina and Virginia.

We are informed that Mr. John Hill declines the appointment as commissioner.

N.

July 18, 1859.

PRIVATE CORNER.

CORA MAY.—We are happy to form your acquaintance—your name has long been familiar to us, and we shall take much pleasure in introducing you to our readers.——MATILDA.—Your familiar hand is again before us with its welcome package. Sorry to hear of your severe illness. But you have not lost the power of appreciation and the tact of saying a "heap" of nice things in a few words: "I am pleased with Dr. Everett's music; it is very sweet, I think. What a charming little creature Julia Southal is. I think her story perfectly delightful. I mean to send you a story as soon as I am well enough to copy. That the "Times" may "live a thousand years and its shadow never grow less," is the sincere wish of your friend."——H. C. sends some questions to the 'Times' without his name. They cannot appear.——W. S. L.—Your letter received. Have written as you request. Is all right?

RISE IN PRICE.—On the 5th instant, says the Clarksvile Tobacco Plant, Waller Taylor, Esq., sold his tract of land, on Bluestone, in this county, consisting of 776 acres, to Dr. George C. Venable of Halifax county, for $16,500. The terms were $7,000 cash, the ballance on hand bearing interest from date of sale. For the larger part of this tract, embracing the dwelling house and improvements, Mr. Taylor paid $4,000 nine years ago, for the residue he paid $4,500 four years ago. His nett profit therefore, is 68,000 nearly 100 per cent.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—A gentleman residing in Pulaski county, Va, last week subscribed the sum of $5,000 to the Theological Seminary proposed to be established at Charlottsville, Va.

TEXAS ELECTION.—Sixty-eight counties have been heard from, which give Houston 4,400 ahead. Hamilton and Reagan were ahead for Congress.

A NEW TERRITORY FORMING:—Advices from Denver City to the 3d have been received. A convention of Delegates was in session there, taking the necessary steps to form a territory to be called Jefferson.

MOURNFUL SUICIDE.—The Chicago Journal records the suicide of a baggage master on the Central Railroad, named Griffith. He had failed in the drug business, and was somewhat involved in debt. The Journal says:

Soon after he obtained his new situation, at a salary of sixty dollars per month, one of his creditors, who held a note against him to the amount of one hundred dollars, sought him out and requested a settlement, proposing to accept monthly instalments of twenty dollars each, until the whole could be cancelled, thus leaving him forty dollars per month, upon which to live. To this Mr. Griffith would not accede, and no arrangement appears to have been effected between them.

Subsequently, his creditor sued the note, and getting judgment, garnished his wages for the past month, so that when pay day came he found himself penniless, and utterly without means to support his family for the coming month. And to add to his difficulties, he received notice from the Company that they could not be annoyed with the garnishees, and unless he could make some arrangement to prevent their recurrence, they should fill his place.

In this dilemma he sought out his creditor (or the attorney) and requested him to be content with $25 of the money, and leave him $35 balance to support his family. To this the creditor in turn refused to consent, expressing his intention to keep what he had got, but offering to accept $10 per month for the balance, and not to trouble him any more with garnishees.

After the interview he appeared very despondent. About 5 o'clock on Wednesday, his wife found him upon the bed, apparently in a fit. A physician was sent for, but could afford him no aid, and he expired about 8 o'clock. In the room were found two ounce vials, with a small quantity of laudanum in them, too plainly telling the manner of his death.

The creditor obtained a portion of his note in cash. He should garnishe a widow's tears and orphan's cries for the balance.

RECOVERY OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—We copy the following from the St. Louis *Republican* of the 26th ult:

At different times within the past eighteen months three negro men belonging to Gen. D. M. Frost, of this city, becoming dissatisfied with having little to do and plenty to eat, determined to tempt fortune on their own hook and in a state of freedom. Accordingly they effected their escape into Illinois; but the experiment, as the result proved, was not at all satisfactory. A short time ago Gen. Frost, having been informed that the negroes were in Chicago, proceeded to that city of philanthropists with the view of receiving his property. After some little management, he succeeded in obtaining an interview with the negroes, all three of whom evinced delight at meeting with their master, and expressed the utmost willingness to return with him. They were in a wretchedly destitute condition, and were heartily sickened out, they said, with abolitionists, their professions and their practices. One of them held the note of a prominently pious abolitionist, named H. D. Walker, for $92 50. which, with the exception of $3 25 in cash, was all that he had received from the pious Walker for twelve month's services. He had never been able to collect a dollar on the note.

Another of the negroes, who could not obtain employment, and who was too honest to steal, was compelled to beg his subsistence from door to door, and a very scanty subsistence it must have been, as his appearance plainly indicated.

Chicago, he said, had been represented to him, as the best place for negroes, but, if Chicago was the best place, "May the Lord help the wussist," he declared to be his prayer.

Only too glad to escape from contempt and starvation to kind treatment and plenty, they returned with their master, and reached this place on Saturday last. The negroes are now in the city, and say, if they can be forgiven for this act of folly, they will never trust themselves on the other side of the Mississippi again.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The trustees of the proposed Inebriate Asylum in New York, have issued an appeal to the churches of the United States, and the American public, for assistance. Some of the statements are startling, as for example, the following:

Who can doubt the vital importance of such an asylum, when, even before its first story is completed, applications have been made for admittance, many of which are from the patients themselves? Among the applicants are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty-five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women, who are from the high walks of life.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	80.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro.

Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of

Aug. 20—tf GEORGE M. ADAMS.

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, *Surv. Partner.*

Aug. 8th 1859. 32-tf.

AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF

WM. KNABE & Co's CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR the sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosh, Satter, Vieuxtempts, beside the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of familles in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq, Gen. G. M. Leach., Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c.,

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ☞ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

GEO. H. KELLEY,

(jy. 30-1y) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

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S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones. Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt

Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue: summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches $40 to $55 per session. Latin and Greek each $7,50. French $5. Ornamentals very low. *Board and half the tuition required in advance.*

☞ 30 *Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.* ☜

Wanted Situations for *Southern Female Teachers.* For full info rmation address,

REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*

June 27th 1859.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Aug. 17.
Reported expressly for the Times
By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a15, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@30, Sperm 40@45; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@00; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@ 8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 15, crushed 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1 00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Aug. 11th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Fam'y	$7.25a8.00	*Flaxseed*,...	1.25
Extra.....	6.50a6.75	*Beeswax*,.....	32
Superfine..	6.25	*Dried Apples*, ₹ bu. of 28lbs...	1.25
Corn, Mixed & W.	79.a80	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₹ bu.....	4.00a4.50
Yellow.....	80	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	9
Wheat, White	1 00a130	do. Sides	10a10½
Red.....	100a120	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	10½
Cotton,.....	11½a12	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a30
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	75	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	12½	do bbl.	25
do do 2....	12		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS:

CORN.—Early in the week, with quite good receipts and a pause in the demand with unfavorable depressing accounts from other markets, a decline in prices was submitted to, with sales Mixed and White 75@76 cents, and Yellow 78 cents. Since which again, less has arrived and a slight re-advance on good White has been gotten. We quote closing rates at 77 cents for prime White, and 77@78 for Yellow.

WHEAT—does not arrive freely, being held back Receipts are moderate though larger than the week previous. At first, buyers seemed to have a little spirit, but it was soon lost, and under the depressed state of the northern reports, orders were withdrawn unless at corresponding rates. We quote to-day as rather unsettled, with a range of prices from $1.00 to 1.12 common to good Red. $1.05 to 1.20 common to good White. Inferior at less, according to quality and condition, and strictly choice at something more. Market closing quiet and very little disposition to operate.

FLOUR.—Old is about all sold out. Receipts of New from North Carolina by R. Road are still small, as the want of rain prevents grinding There is no lack of supply though via River and Can l; and our City Mills are doing full work. We quote choice New Superfine $6. to 6.25, Extra 6.50@6.75. Several contracts of shipping Superfine are being filled at $5.75. The demand now is again less, and we doubt if all the above quotations are maintained fully, on any excess of supply over the present.

COTTON—is dull and languid. The lists here are inferior sorts. Some little poor quality has been sold at irregular prices. Anything good being held above buyers' views. Receipts very small, stock on hand about 1500 bales.

DRIED FRUIT.—New Apples are not brisk. We hear of orders received to be filled at a reduction from present asking prices. Some sales have been made at $1.50 per bushel of 28 pounds for immediate delivery, but at that not very quick. Our northern advices quote them as gradually settling downward. No new peaches received yet.

RICHMOND MARKET.—July 22d. 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10a10½	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams,.....	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses,, Cuba,	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3¾a5¾
Syrup,.....	30a33	N. O.,.....	40a45	Good, ...	6a7½
Wheat, White,	175a185	Leaf,.....	7a9
Red, ...	1.50a160	Good and fine,..	9a15

CHARLESTON, Aug. 13.—*Cotton.*—The sales yesterday amounted to 224 bales at the following prices: 133 at 12; and 91 at 12½ cents We have no sale to report this morning.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—Sales of cotton to-day 600 bales—heavy. Flour unsettled; sales of 5,000 barrels. Wheat heavy; sales of 14,000 bushels. Corn declined; sales of 32,000 bushels; mixed 75@77c. Spirits Turpentine dull. Rosin heavy at $1,65. Rice dull.—Freights on cotton to Liverpool 7-32d.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, **80 Nassau St. New York.**
☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.
Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

Bases of the Peace in Europe.

An English correspondent of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, writing to that paper, under date of July 15th, says:

Peace has been concluded betwixt the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria. These two royal personages met at the town of Villafranca on Monday last, and in a short hour or two, proposed and arranged the terms of peace, and finally settled it.

No diplomatists are summoned, no Congress is called to meet; Louis Napoleon does his own diplomacy. A morning's talk suffices to arrange the state of Southern Europe. The two Emperors are its masters, and the nations must do and be what they are pleased to order.

What are the bases of the peace? This, of course is the first question. They are truly astounding. The first and leading one is, that the *Pope is made President of Italy!* To this all the other arrangements are subordinated. The terms are as follows: Francis Joseph surrenders Lombardy to Louis Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon hands it over to the King of Sardinia. Venice is reserved by Austria, to form part of the Italian confederation. The Peninsula is to be converted into a confederation under the Honorary Presidency of the Pope!

Magenta and Solferino have been fought in vain. In vain has the blood of thousands on thousands of brave men been poured out. This war that was begun for the liberation of Italy ends in its deeper enthralment. The Italians gain nothing by the war, save blasted hopes.

The only party that gains by it is the Popedom. The Papacy has been lifted to a height of power and gained an extent of sway greater than anything it has possessed since the beginning of the century. Louis Napoleon has driven out the Austrians only to subject Italy to a worse tyranny. The government of priests, which the poor Romans have been struggling to throw off, is now imposed upon the whole Italian race. The arrangement leaves the Pope the King of Italy.

The moral firmament of Europe is indeed darker than ever. We have virtually a league betwixt the three leading Papal Powers, Italy, Austria and France. Henceforward the whole political power of Papal Europe will be wielded by the Jesuits.—Now is come, therefore, the time for Britain to look to its defences.

Portugal—Death of the Queen.

The Lisbon correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on the 17th, says: "The death of the young and beautiful Stephanie, Queen of Portugal, which took place this evening at 8 p. m., has plunged the capital into grief, and expressions of unfeigned sympathy and regret are heard everywhere; in the streets and coffee-houses nothing else is talked of, for the young Queen, by the simplicity of her manners, her unobtrusive piety, and her great charity, had won the hearts of all classes from the noble to the cottager.—We all remember how she passed along the streets but twelve months ago, a blooming bride, how her gentle and winning ways immediately gained for her the affections of the people, and softened and altered the gloomy and moody habits of the King. The Queen's illness commenced on Monday last, when her Majesty accompanied the King to Vendas Novas to inspect the proving of a new rifled cannon. The day was burning hot, and on the sands there was little or no shade. Shortly after returning home her Majesty complained of an indisposition, which at first was considered to be the result of a slight sunstroke, but which at last was recognized as diptheria. The fatal disease ran its course despite the able attendance of Dr. Gomez and the Baron de Silva, who tried every means known to the medical art to save the royal sufferer. Yesterday morning, I believe, dangerous symptoms set in, and slight mortification appeared in the throat. At this juncture Dr. Simas, of the Misericorda, who has a high reputation for the treatment of this class of complaints, was called in, but he at once gave up the case as hopeless. Toward evening it became known about the palace, and was reported out of doors that the Queen could not escape. As a last resource, however, an operation commonly had recourse to in desperate cases was performed on the throat by the eminent surgeon Barboza; but it was of no avail, and shortly after 8, p. m., the Queen expired. The confessor of her Majesty, the Rev. Joseph Ilsley, President of the English College, was in attendance, and administered the consolation of religion and the last rites of the Church.—The bed was surrounded by the sorrowing King and the royal family, to all of whom the Queen had endeared herself as if her relationship with them had been lifelong. Sorrow is universal, and the English Court will mourn the royal lady, whose grace and beauty won the admiration of all the parties given in her honor before she came to this country."

ENLARGED.—The Washington Dispatch has been enlarged and otherwise improved. The Dispatch is a good paper and deserves success.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS,
Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 16,'59—jy16-3m. JNO. W. DYER.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1959.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
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WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
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WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
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OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
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THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRE

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
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Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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It is Warranted to Cure
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Pain in Side and Back,
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It is Especially Adapted to
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
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For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless M add that the Association commands the higheh est medical skill of the age, and will furnoh the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2. South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
June 11—1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL
The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20, One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal.*
June 20, 1859. 178tf.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!
10.000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.

C. G. YATES,
West-Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.
July 8th, 1859. 28-3m.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Foolscap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Affidavits,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Juror Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land,	&c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

☞For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
COLE & ALBRIGHT,

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE TWO TELEGRAPHS.

Dear young Friends.—As many of you have heard me talk about the two telegraphs, I present you now a beautiful Poem, written by "ANNIE" of Syracuse. I trust you will all send messages by the heavenly telegraph every day. If you do, rest assured you will receive answers of peace, and "glad tidings of great joy" from that "Happy land Far, far away."

Threading the quiet valley,
Adown 'neath the heaving main,
Afar round the tow'ring hillside,
Stretching across the plain,
Through woods where violets nestle
Through dells of brightest green,
Where strong-armed tall trees wrestle,
The magic wire is seen.

Its silent voices utter
Their tales as the lightning's wing
On the air doth an instant flutter,
While the thunder-echoes ring.
They flash o'er quivering heart-strings
With wondrous meaning fraught—
A tide of joys or an ebbing hope
Is the varied message brought.

Or death's in the "sweet home" circle,
And the dear one far away
Must haste on the wings of morning,
To kiss the precious clay.
Or the tale of sad disaster;
Of flood o'er hill and plain;
Of fire, the wildwood waster,
Scorching the golden grain.

News from the sunny Southland!
News from the Northern pole!
News from the Western mountains!
News from old Stamboul!
News of a long-missed wanderer
To-morrow will come home;
News from the wide world over,
Has just this instant come.

There's another wire, to the eye unseen,
But it steals through the upper air;
No earthly storm can break it,
No rust its use impair;
No whirlwind's might can wrench it;
One post is here, one there,
Where the White Throne glory riseth,
And the little cord is Prayer.

And many a message speedeth
Each moment the upward way;
Each watching angel heedeth
What the voice of the heart would say.
A station is in each closet,
And at each altar side,
Wherever a trustful Christian
Is following his Guide.

Faith sees the wire all gleaming
In light from the world of Love,
And Hope, with a face all beaming,
Fastens it up above.
And Love sets the whole in motion,
And the Spirit worketh there,
While our "elder brother" waiteth
To present to our Father the prayer.

There will be an answering message
From the Master up above,
Of "strength for thy day" and resting,
In "mansions" of holy love.
Words of our full redemption;
The fount for our cleansing free—
O thanks for the boon, our Father;
Thus we commune with Thee.

Thus have news of our great Creator,
News of our Saviour slain,
News of the sainted worthies,
Who fell on life's battle plain;
News of the golden city,
By burning seraphs trod,
News of the holy pity,
For us, of our smiling God.

News of the fair "green pastures,"
Where life's gentle river flows—
Of the tree whose fruit ne'er faileth,
"Of Sharon's dewy rose;"
News of the lost and lovely,
We sigh for, gone before,
Clothed, 'mid the bright and shining,
In the light of that changeless shore.

And we sometimes hear in the quiet,
At night, from that thither shore,
Sweet voices that bid us hasten
To the land where they sigh no more—
To the land where there're no more sinning
No night to the glorious day;
Aye, messages come from yonder,
Bidding us watch and pray.

Till at length a summons cometh,
As the Jordan surge we hear,
And "Beloved, come up hither."
Falls sweet on a dying ear,
Though tossed on the swelling current,
Our hearts will not despair;
In the circling clasp of our Saviour's arms
We shall enter heaven by prayer.

THE BOUNTIFUL FRIEND.

Edward, on returning home after taking a walk on a fine day in the beginning of autumn, saw a basket filled with beautiful bunches of grapes on the parlor table; some were deep purple, and some light yellow, like amber.

"Oh! where did these fine grapes come from?" cried Edward, quite delighted, "and whose are they?"

"They belong to you, dear Edward," said his mother; "for your grandfather, hearing that you were not very well, sent them to you with his love. He says they are some of the first grapes that have ripened in his green-house."

"How very good grandfather is!" said Edward; "I will write to him without delay, and thank him. Oh! if I could give him any pleasure, how happy it would make me."

"I am glad you feel so grateful," said his mother, "but what would you say if you had a friend who would not only send you grapes, but all sorts of nice fruit.—Would you not be as thankful to him as to your kind grand-father?"

"Yes, certainly, dear mother; I would thank him with all my heart, and try every means in my power to please him."

"But if this good friend," continued his mother, "were to send you a thousand other things, not merely agreeable and useful, but absolutely necessary to your existence, and which you could not get except from him?"

"Then," replied Edward, "I would be more grateful to him than I can tell you, mother. I would write long letters to him every day to thank him for so many gifts; and I am sure I should never cease thinking of what I could do for him; for, oh! how great must be the love of a friend who could be so exceedingly kind and generous."

"And," continued his mother, "what if he should not only send you these presents once, but every day, and every hour, and every minute?"

"Oh, mother! what a wonderful friend he would be! He must be so rich and powerful and full of love!"

"And if, besides all these good gifts," his mother added, "there was another and a far greater sign of his love to you; if, not satisfied with providing for you the comforts and p'easures of this life, he had devised a means for giving you joys which should last for ever, and exceed all you could imagine; and to do all this, had given his only Son to die a most painful death!"

"Oh! mother," said the child, beginning to see her object, "it would never be possible for me to feel grateful enough for such wonderful love—I should always think of that friend. I would do every thing I could to please him; yet still I could never love him enough."

"No, truly, my child," said his mother, while she pressed his little hand in hers, "and yet you and all of us *have* such a frind; one who is never weary of well doing good, and of renewing his gifts. He causes the fruit from year to year to swell and ripen on the trees, so that we and all creatures may not only live, but rejoice in our being. If you are thus thankful to an earthly friend for a single gift, how much more thankful should you be to our Father in heaven, for his innumerable blessings; and for having so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Mother, what a wicked heart a person must have who could be ungrateful to God; how wicked it would be."

"Very wicked indeed, my child," said his mother, kissing him; "therefore be careful not to be ungrateful to your dear friend, for all his benefits to you. If you do not love him, and strive, through the Divine Spirit, to keep his commandments, you will be the source of the deepest misery to me. I should weep for you as for a lost child; we could no longer have any joy or peace. *You* can have no happiness without the favor of God; nor could I have any hope for my Edward, if you are not His child!"—

"GONE BUT NOT MISSED."

There are some professors of the religion of Jesus, over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, shops, stores, and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the church would be compelled to say of them, "Gone, but not missed." She would not miss their charities for Christ and his poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne, or hard labor to be done for the extension of the gospel. In her Sabbath-school efforts, and tract distributions; in her endeavors to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness, she would not miss them, for they have not cheered these labors of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers. Like the on-hangers of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field.—The loss of such to the church, by death would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and, hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and this pointed the grief at his loss.

☞ Cultivate industrious habits.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Hope.

Hope is a gay resplendent star,
In winter's dreary night,
To aid the sorrowing traveller
With ray of friendly light.

When summer's pleasing joys are lost,
Kind hope assumes her sway;
And as severe grows the frost,
Extends a brighter ray.

THREE MODES OF POPPING THE QUESTION.—This reminds us of a parallel misadventure to a German, whose English education had been equally neglected. Having obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted,) be open to new offers, he opened his business thus:—"Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket——." "Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased. "Oh, pardon!—nine, ten, thousand pardon! Now make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband has cut his stick ——." It may be supposed that this did not mend matters; and, reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire, "Madam, since your husband have gone to kingdom come—." This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved towards the door. Things had now reached a crisis; and, if something were not done quickly; the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out, in a voice of despair, "Madam, since your husband—your never enoff-to-be-wor-shipped husband—have hopped de twig——." This was his sheet anchor; and, as this *came home*, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used—(Arnold's we think) a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from mere German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents:—1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig; to drop off the perch into Davy's locker.

A TOAST.—At the late celebration in Ellington, Connecticut, the following was the thirteenth regular toast:

"Woman—the lover of union and the friend of annexation. Like our country, her manifest destiny is to spread her skirts."

The above toast was responded to by nine cheers and a whoop!

POWER OF PRAYER.—A minister, whose name it is not necessary now to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor for which the father called him to account, when the following dialogue took place:

"John, you have done wrong, and I must punish you."

"Very well, sir just as you say."

"Then take off your coat."

"Certainly, sir."

"Now, take off your vest."

"Just as you please, sir."

"Now, my son, it is my duty to flog you."

"Yes, sir; father, would it not be best first to engage in prayer?"

This was too much for the minister; the waggery of the son completely overcame him so without either prayer or flogging he dismissed the boy, while he turned away to relieve his risibles.

QUEER TEXT.—Ministers sometimes take queer texts for sermons. Rev. Mr. Pope, of Hyannis, Mass., on Sunday last preached from the text: "Is there any taste to the white of an egg?" He not only showed that there was taste, but that it was the best part of the egg.

QUITE A MEDLEY.—A witty exchange serves up the following queer *hash* to its numerous readers:

"Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, disinterested friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, first rate butter, unwatered milk, and rich printers—are s-c a-r-c e!"

A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY STATION.—Lady. "I want one ticket!"

Clerk. "Single?"

Lady. "Single! What does it matter to you, sir, whether I'm single or not? Impertinence!"

Clerk explains that he means single or return, not t'other thing.

Slander.

Malicious slander never could have leisure,
To search with prying eyes for faults abroad;
If every man considered his own heart,
And wept the errors which he found at home.

The first Arab newspaper ever printed in the Turkish empire and out of Constantinople, has been commenced at Beyrout.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

The Ailantus Tree

In many towns and cities we notice that the relative merits and demerits of the ailantus tree, with which the streets are shaded are being discussed. Not only has their use as a shade tree been the subject of consideration, but their effect on the general health of the community in which they are located. As a shade tree, it at least possesses two excellent qualities—that of flourishing luxuriantly among paving stones, and of being free from vermin; but it is very much doubted whether that should be deemed important enough to allow of their use as a street shade tree.

The result of recent investigation into the qualities of this tree by the School of Medicine in France, may not be inappropriately introduced in this connection. It was then ascertained that its bark contained a volatile oil, which was so deleterious in its effects that the assistants who had the evaporation of the extract under their care would be seized with vertigo and vomiting whenever they came in contact with the vapors.

There is no doubt that it is on account of the natural evaporation of this powerful oil that so many object to having the tree near their residences. The well-known unpleasant, herbaceous odor of its flowers should have long since caused it to be discarded; but when it is thus proved that under the influence of our warm summer months, unpleasant consequences may ensue, it would be wise to have as few near our habitations as possible. That these exhalations are of a poisonous as well as disagreeable nature, is further proved by the number of flies and other insects found under this tree at seasons, as also by their sickening effect on delicate persons, particularly children.

FEEDING CHILDREN.—*Children*, (says Dr. Alcott.) from the very first, are trained to be gluttonous. If a child cries, or even whimpers, he is at once attended to; and it is strongly believed he needs food. No matter if he has filled his stomach but ten minutes before; nursing is the cure-all for his woes; and the remedy must be applied as often as he whimpers. Sometimes he gets so full as to vomit—literally to run over. Could better lessons in gluttony be possibly given?

There is a story told of the Surinam mothers, which may or may not be true, but which, if true, is very much in point. It is said that when the little infant, there, has nursed to the full, and can hold no more, the mother takes it on her knee, and by hard trotting endeavors to shake down its food, as farmers shake down apples or ears of corn in a bag, so that it can hold more!

Our United States mothers and educators may not yet go so far as the mothers of Surinam in this matter; but too many of them go far enough to render the child's stomach unusually large. And if they do not really become deformed, like some of our pet pigs and puppies, the fault is not that of those who take the kind care of them. They certainly pursue the most effectual course to make them so.

And then, what they make them by wrong practice the first year of their lives, they continue to maintain in them. Instead of feeding them regularly, once in a certain number of hours—two, three, or four, as the case may require—they are suffered to take their food, both natural and artificial, just when they please, if it do not interfere with the mother's convenience, till their claims to gluttony are fully established.

ANIMAL DIET BAD FOR CHILDREN.—There is no greater error in the management of children than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated, and the various secretions immediately connected with and necessary to digestion are diminished, especially the biliary secretion, and constipation of the bowels and congestion of the abdominal circulation succeed.—Children so fed become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and all the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally very severe in their attack. In reference to this last remark, a distinguished medical gentleman mentioned to us that in families where children lived on simple diet, if they were seized with measles, whooping-cough, mumps, and similar diseases, he never called but once, as he knew there was no danger; but in families where an opposite course is pursued, he always expected trouble.

FRIENDSHIP.—A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS,** 46
Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley,
James Graydon, } { Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,*)
RALEIGH, N. C.
☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh*, N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other
Produce.
Special attention paid to forwading Manufacturep Tobacco and Goods.
Grain Bags furnished on application.
JOHN DICKENSON, } { ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg. } { of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*)
Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL
Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Safes, Sewing Machines, &c.
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, *by hand.*
Drawings and Prices sent free.
147 Chambers-street, N. Y.
Commission for Buying and Forwarding, two and a half per cent.
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EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of **Barthолf's Sewing Machines,** one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia;
March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times,* to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.